



# CHINA



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## Comment Of The Day

### Liberal Need

**BRITAIN'S** Liberal Party, inspired by recent by-election successes and fired by the prospect of resurgence of their party after more than three decades in the doldrums, are meeting in Torquay this week. Their decisions will have a vital bearing on whether they are to remain the dogbody of British politics or emerge as a force to be reckoned with.

Up till now, the Liberals have been scoring off popular discontent with the Tories and, to a lesser extent, the Socialists. Now, however, Mr Macmillan's Government appears to be in the ascendancy and votes are no longer flowing to the Liberals in such profusion. So the party can no longer hope to profit from the Tories' 7-year itch.

### Policy Priority

**WHAT** is wanted is a policy. Recently the Liberals have been chiefly conspicuous for the lack of one that is both coherent and comprehensive. Principles have been enunciated but few party members have been bold enough to spell out how these principles are to be applied to the major issues of the day.

This does not mean that even an extremely good policy can land them with enough seats in Parliament after the next election to be considered a possible candidate for government. But it does mean that a good, radical, fearless, and above all fact-on-the-ground, realistic platform may give them enough to be respected by whichever of the two main parties is elected. The very least that can be expected from the current meeting therefore is a substantial policy framework around which features may be assembled before next year's elections. One popular criticism is that the Liberals have no figureheads. This is a sore point which the party is trying to correct. But it would be an intolerable conceit to put considerations of personalities above policy. The "Libs" should remember their target for Parliament next year is nearer 30 than 300.

# Khrushchev Sends Sharpest Letter To U.S. President NUCLEAR WORLD WAR THREAT

## Eisenhower Accused Of Distortion

By HENRY SHAPIRO

**Moscow, Sept. 19.** Premier Nikita Khrushchev, in one of the sharpest letters ever written to President Eisenhower, warned today that an attack on Communist China would bring nuclear retaliation and world war.

"Nuclear blackmail with regard to the Chinese People's Republic frightens neither us nor the Chinese People's Republic," he said. "Those who have plans for an atomic attack on the Chinese People's Republic should not forget that not only the United States but the other side as well possesses atomic and hydrogen weapons and also the appropriate means for their delivery."

**Conflagration** Mr Khrushchev added: "To unleash a war against People's China means to ignite the conflagration of a world war."

Western observers noted that the language in the letter was much sharper than in its previous letter to Mr Eisenhower. However, they said that it left the door open for diplomatic negotiations and expressed the hope that a solution for the Far Eastern problem could be found at the Warsaw talks.

Mr Khrushchev made these other points:

★ The President does not understand the essence of his message to him of September 12.

★ Mr Eisenhower distorted the actual position of things.

★ Communist China will never agree to cutting off part of its territory.

★ The concept of two Chinas is completely rejected.

★ Mr Eisenhower's efforts to justify the American position on the basis of treaty obligations with Chiang Kai-shek was declared "absurd."

Mr Khrushchev said: "This kind of treaty is invented and fabricated exclusively for concealment of aggressive aims."

**Great Hope** The Soviet Union placed great hope on Mr Eisenhower when he was elected President, Mr Khrushchev said. Referring to Soviet-American co-operation when Eisenhower commanded the Allied Forces, Mr Khrushchev said: "This co-operation could be realised also after the war in

the current period in the interests of the preservation and consolidation of peace.

"However, now the policy which you as President are conducting to a significant degree has undermined these good feelings and is constantly strengthening among us the opinion that Mr Dulles' brink of war policy in essence is not separated from your name, but is linked with it."

"This is very regrettable," U.P.I.

## ITALY'S LAST

**Rome, Sept. 19.** Italy's last legal brothels did their hurried and half-hearted last business tonight before closing down forever at the stroke of midnight.

Grey-haired, woman politician Angelina Merini remained through a ban on prostitution after a 10-year fight.

Prostitution has been recognised in Italy since the times of the Caesars.

Most of the 600 brothels in existence when the Merini bill was passed late last year did not await the last day and folded down before deadline.

## Skylark

**London, Sept. 19.** A skylark high altitude research rocket fired on the Australian testing range at Woomera today reached a height of 95 miles, it was announced here tonight.—Reuter.

## Scholarships

**Montreal, Sept. 19.** The Commonwealth Economic Conference today received with unanimous approval joint British-Canadian proposal to establish up to 1,000 Commonwealth scholarships over a three or four-year period.—U.P.I.

## JAPAN'S AMAZING WORLD OFFER

**Tokyo, Sept. 19.** Japan is prepared to pay the transportation expense of all foreign athletes taking part in the 1964 Olympic Games, if the games are held in Tokyo, a spokesman for the Japanese Olympic Committee said here today.

He said this offer was confirmed during a meeting of the Tokyo

Olympic preparatory commission when it met to discuss its projected 15,000 million yen budget.

The spokesman said if Tokyo was granted the venue for the 1964 Olympics, the Commission was prepared to raise an extra £1,700,000 to cover the transportation

expenses of 7,500 athletes. The Japanese Olympic Committee has already announced its decision to support Tokyo's candidacy as host city for the 1964 games. A final decision will be reached when the International Olympic Congress meets in Munich in 1959 to select the site of the 1964 Olympic games.—Reuter.

## REMAINS OF MING EMPEROR FOUND

### Sensational Find By Archaeologists

London, Sept. 19.

The remains of one of the Ming dynasty rulers, Emperor Wang Li, crowned and richly clad in silk robes have been discovered 65 feet below ground in one of the famous Ming tombs excavated after nearly two years work.

The Emperor died in 1620. His two wives lie buried with him in the high marble tomb, the best preserved Ming tomb ever excavated, the New China News Agency reported today.

Around the coffin are fabulous treasures, whole bolts of silk, intact after 338 years and the first Ming silk ever found, gold and silver ingots, figurines, richly jewelled ornaments of tin and porcelain and costly utensils of gold, silver and jade.

**Burial Goods** Besides the coffins were found trunks full of burial goods including the Emperor's armour, sword and bow and arrows, wooden tablets inscribed with his merits and also the Queens' coffins.

Emperor Wang Li lies in a big double-layered wooden coffin. Only the skeleton remains beneath his robe. He is crowned with a black, silk gold-rimmed crown, his hair done up with golden pins and he is shod in coloured damask boots.

The coffins of the two Queens are smaller. Their hair is still preserved and decorated with jewelled jade and gold ornaments.

The arched tomb, shaped like the letter "T", has two long chambers leading up to the main chamber at the top. In front of the main chamber are three engraved marble thrones before which were offerings—incense burners, candle sticks with the candles still in them and huge porcelain oil lamps in which the oil was still fluid.

The Emperor's crown, robe and jade belt are the first to have been unearthed of a preceding dynasty emperor.

Archaeologists took a year's careful work to find the entrance to the tomb, which lies surrounded by a high wall nearly half a mile round and buried beneath compacted clay.

A 220-foot long archway and three huge gates built of solid stone lead to the chamber containing the thrones.

A coloured documentary film has been made of the excavation from the beginning to the end and is to be shown shortly.—Reuter.

## Townsend Leaves

**Paris, Sept. 19.** Group-Captain Peter Townsend, former suitor of Princess Margaret, left Paris by plane for Algiers today on his way to the Sahara to resume shooting the film of his round-the-world tour.—France-Press.

## No Recognition

**London, Sept. 19.** The British Government has no intention of recognising the exile government reported to have been set up by Algerians in Cairo, a foreign office spokesman said here today.—Reuter.

## RUSSIA TO RETURN BODIES OF AIRMEN

**Washington, Sept. 19.** Russia agreed today to return the bodies of six U.S. airmen who were killed when their unarmed air force transport crashed in Southwest Russia on September 2 after being intercepted by Soviet fighters. But the Russians said in a note they had "no information" on the 11 other men who were aboard the plane.

The note was handed to Richard Davis, top-ranking U.S. diplomat in Moscow. In it, the Soviets repeated their charge that the plane violated Russian air space. But they denied that Russian planes intercepted it.

The State Department asked the Russians on September 13 to press a search for the 11 missing men.—U.P.I.

## Cairo Visit

**Rome, Sept. 19.** The Italian Prime Minister, Signor Amintore Fanfani, will visit Cairo for talks with President Nasser in the middle of October, the Foreign Minister announced here tonight.—Reuter.

## Frogmen Try To Blow Up French Fleet

Toulon, Sept. 19.

North African terrorist frogmen made unsuccessful attempts last night to sabotage two French warships and a dry dock here, Admiral Pierre Barjot, wartime Prefect of Toulon, announced tonight.

A sentry on board the escort vessel Bouvet threw an anti-frogman grenade and raised the alarm when he saw a trail of bubbles heading towards the battleship Jean Bart moored alongside.

The watch turned out and a "curtain" of grenades was thrown into the water around the two ships, the admiral said. Moored alongside the Jean Bart was the British cruiser H.M.S. Cyton.

## An Alarm

An alarm had been raised earlier when a sentry saw a moving object on the floor of a dry dock in the harbour. There was a search but the man vanished in the darkness.

French Navy frogmen dived at dawn searching for the body of a frogman and for limpet mines but found nothing.

Police immediately rounded up North Africans living in Toulon and two men were arrested.

Admiral Barjot said there was no doubt the sabotage attempt was made by North African terrorists. They had failed because the Navy was on the alert following the upsurge of North African terrorism in France as the constitutional referendum vote approached.—Reuter.

## Re-Elected

**Kiel, Sept. 19.** Chancellor Konrad Adenauer today won a massive re-election by a vote of 90 to 10 in the Christian-Democratic Party, whose annual congress is now being held here.—France-Press.

## Aga Khan

**Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 19.** The Aga Khan, 22-year-old spiritual leader to millions of Ismailis, registered today at Harvard University to continue his education, which was interrupted by the death of his grandfather, the late Aga Khan.—Reuter.

## British Cotton Men Leave For HK Talks

By Our Own Correspondent

London, Sept. 19.

The three-man Lancashire cotton delegation headed by 52-year-old Cotton Board chairman, Lord Rochdale, tips off from London this weekend to try to reach agreement with Hongkong textile producers.

No one wanted to say anything which might anticipate the Hongkong talks which the British cotton men hope will result in a ceiling on imports of Hongkong cotton goods similar to that agreed to by India and Pakistan.

Hongkong cotton exports to the UK are still a sore topic with Lancashire spinners.

When an agreement was reached with India and Pakistan, a rush as thick as a Manchester fog spread through the mill valleys of Lancashire. Nothing must be said or done to prejudice the talks with Hongkong manufacturers.

Today Lord Rochdale refused to comment beyond outlining the bare bones of the delegation's intentions—"to discuss imports of cotton textiles from Hongkong for retention in the United Kingdom as opposed to re-export of the Colony's goods."

## PANDEMONIUM IN CEYLON PARLIAMENT

**Colombo, Sept. 19.** Ceylon's House of Representatives broke up in pandemonium today after an opposition member headed for the Government benches armed with a paperweight.

The uproar broke out over the Finance Minister's trip to Montreal with his wife to attend the Commonwealth Finance Ministers' Conference.

Trotskyist Mr Edmund Samarakody protested against the payment of passage money for the wife of the Minister, Mr Stanley de Zoysa.

Mr M. S. Themas, a Government member, said in United National Party's day "if ministers did not take their wives along on their foreign trips they took their mistresses."

Mr Samarakody jumped up and said: "I don't know about that. You probably do."

Further exchanges were lost in shouts of abuse and calls to order.

When Mr Themas was heard to shout "Jadya" (mad) Mr Robert Gunawardene, another Trotskyist, picked up a paperweight, then rushed towards the Government benches.

Opposition members left their seats to hold him back.

Mr Philip Gunawardene, Minister of Food and Agriculture, held Mr Themas down and when he struggled to get up the Minister pushed him out of the chamber.

The deputy Speaker adjourned the House.—Reuter.

## G.E.C. HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

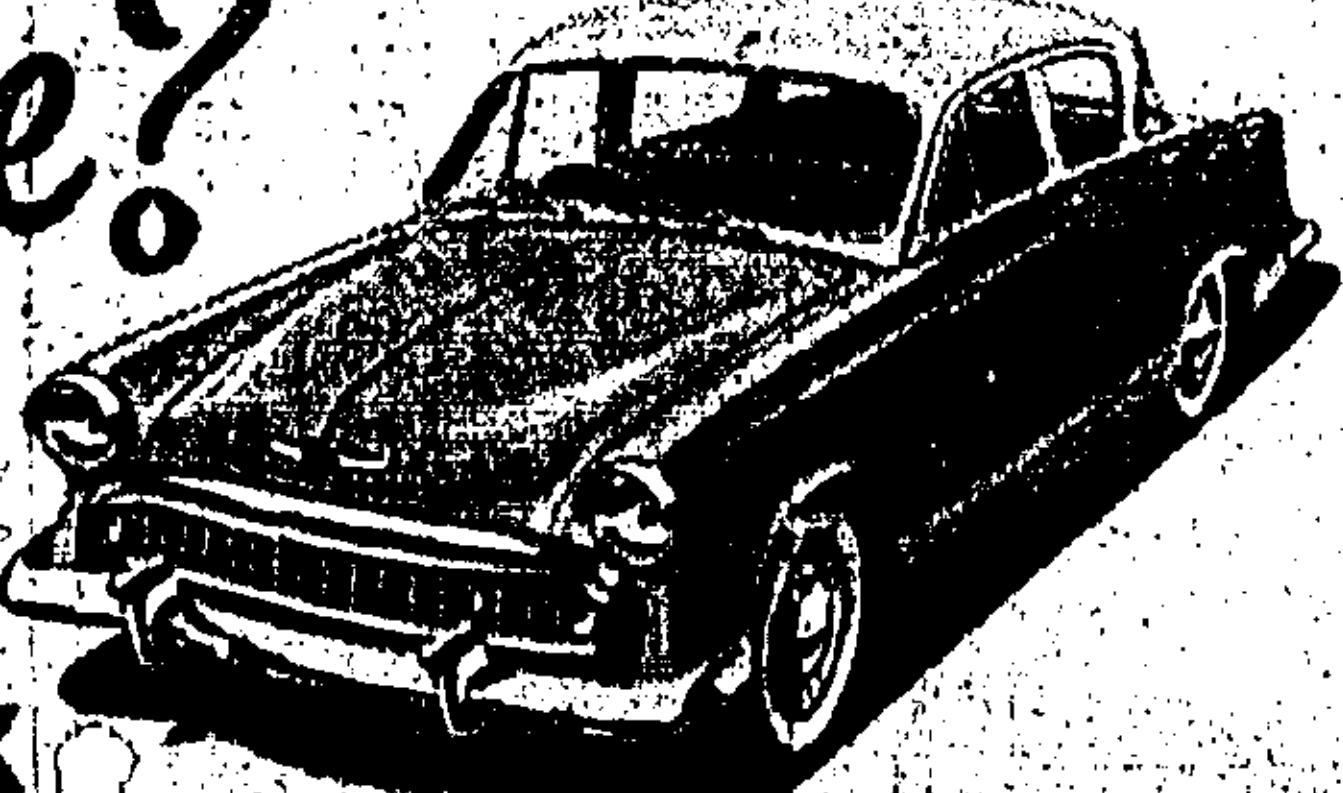
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DE 210A	Domestic Cylinder Vacuum Cleaner	7-10-0	7-10-0	80.00
DE 202	Table Top for DE 210A	1-10-0	1-10-0	10.00
DE 210A	Cylinder Vacuum Cleaner	10-10-0	10-10-0	100.00
DE 210B	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	11-10-0	11-10-0	110.00
DE 210C	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	12-10-0	12-10-0	120.00
DE 210D	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	13-10-0	13-10-0	130.00
DE 210E	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	14-10-0	14-10-0	140.00
DE 210F	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	15-10-0	15-10-0	150.00
DE 210G	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	16-10-0	16-10-0	160.00
DE 210H	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	17-10-0	17-10-0	170.00
DE 210I	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	18-10-0	18-10-0	180.00
DE 210J	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	19-10-0	19-10-0	190.00
DE 210K	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	20-10-0	20-10-0	200.00
DE 210L	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	21-10-0	21-10-0	210.00
DE 210M	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	22-10-0	22-10-0	220.00
DE 210N	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	23-10-0	23-10-0	230.00
DE 210O	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	24-10-0	24-10-0	240.00
DE 210P	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	25-10-0	25-10-0	250.00
DE 210Q	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	26-10-0	26-10-0	260.00
DE 210R	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	27-10-0	27-10-0	270.00
DE 210S	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	28-10-0	28-10-0	280.00
DE 210T	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	29-10-0	29-10-0	290.00
DE 210U	Upright Vacuum Cleaner	30-10-0	30-10-0	300.00

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**KING'S PRINCESS**  
TO-DAY  
**SIX-FOOT-TWO OF MAD-DOG KILLER!**

...taking on a posse led by his own father!

**VAN HEFLIN-TAB HUNTER**  
**GUNMAN'S WALK**

KATHRYN GRANT - JAMES DARREN  
with ROBERT EVANS  
CINEMA SCOPE TECHNICOLOR

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The Famous Swedish Dancer  
**JENNY KNIGHT**  
and  
The Famous Vocalist  
**MISS LINDA**



**KING'S PRINCESS** TO-MORROW  
MORNING SHOW  
At 11.00 a.m. Universal-International's  
Technicolor Cartoons Variety Programme  
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

**PRINCESS** WEEK-END  
MORNING SHOWS  
To-day at 12.30 p.m. Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire, Tony Perkins in  
"FRIENDLY PERSUASION"  
To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. M-G-M's "TOM & JERRY"  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS VARIETY PROGRAMME  
Sunday at 12.30 p.m. James Stewart, Juno Allyson in  
"STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND" V-Vison & Techni.  
At Reduced Prices: 70 cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

**ROXY & BROADWAY**  
SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
A NEW KIND OF THRILL SENSATION AGAINST  
A NEW KIND OF BACKGROUND!

**THE FIEND WHO WALKED THE WEST**  
CINEMA SCOPE  
Starring **HUGH O'BRIAN** ROBERT EVANS DOLORES MICHAELS  
Produced by HERBERT B. SVOPE, JR. Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES  
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon || BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.  
LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show  
At 12.15 p.m. In CinemaScope & Color  
"THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON"  
Starring: Marlon Brando

**CAPITOL RITZ**  
— SHOWING TO-DAY —  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
Love and Adventure  
ALL THE SPECTACLE AND ROMANCE OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE  
"CAPTAIN KIDD"  
Charles Laughton  
Gilbert Roland - Randolph Scott  
FRANKA BRITTON - REGINALD OWEN  
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
At 12.30 p.m.  
JEFF CHANDLER in  
"AWAY ALL BOATS"  
in Technicolor

**SHOWING TO-DAY**  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
M-G-M presents  
Glenn FORD Shirley MacLAINE  
"STRANGER WITH A GUN"  
LESLIE NIELSEN MICKEY SHAGHNESSY  
To-morrow Special Show  
At 12.30 p.m.  
DUKE MITCHELL in  
"BROOKLYN GUNN"  
in Technicolor

# FILMS

## CURRENT & COMING

### by ANTHONY FULLER

SOMEONE once said, "The film is a mirror of the times." It is, in fact, a mirror of the times, and the next popular novel would be written by a doctor about a dog. Something like this must have occurred to 20th Century Fox, because in "The Fiend Who Walked the West," they have combined the two most popular current trends in one film: Horror and the Western, now on show at the Roxy and the Broadway.

The film takes a Western opening as a group of crude characters rob a bank, and try for the getaway. One is not so fortunate, Hugh O'Brien, who is arrested and sent to prison. Enter the Horror element. As a cell companion, O'Brien has Robert Evans, a man of refined external appearance, but of inhuman propensities inwardly. In a way you could say that the producer has played about with the Jekyll and Hyde theme.

This Evans soon shows his fiendish qualities, learns of the bank robbery from O'Brien, and by the way of some ghoulish murders, is soon on easy street. As if this were not enough, we see a little sadistic display with Dolores Michaels as the object of this perverted creature's attention.

Later, O'Brien who is shocked to the side of law and order by the demonic murders of this malcontent monster, becomes the object of Evans' sadistic and venal purposes. And as O'Brien has a wife, Linda Cristal, and a child, he is doubly vulnerable.

So much for plot, but the Horror impact of the story is the R. L. Stevenson motif of diabolical fury masked by a benign countenance.

Where all this kind of thing is going to lead, I don't know. There comes a time when the Horror market, like any other market, reaches saturation point, and you will find that it is impossible to shock any one any more.

This film is an example of the even for Horror's sake. It comes onto the market open and unadorned as a Horror film. It has no other motif than to shock the customers. You are invited to go and have a jolly good scream and a cold sweat because they will be screaming too.

CALLING all Western fans. Great news. Billy the Kid rides again at the Lee and Astor. This time the hoodlum from the back alleys of New York who graduated, to become the most dreaded of the Wild West killers, smiles out from the screen through the face of handsome Paul Newman, in the film, "The Left Handed Gunman."

This time, Billy the Kid, who becomes more like Robin Hood and less like Billy the Kid, with every succeeding picture, seems to have equity, if not justice, on his side.

This film has the angle that Billy was under some form of compulsion. His killings are not decided, in fact they are not decided with all fast gunwork thrown in, but when I say compulsion, it seems that Billy just has to see justice done. He is "The Four Just Men," of Edgar Wallace, the "Avenger," of Robin Hood thrown in for good measure.

Will you enjoy it? Of course you will, because the Western has a vast following in the Colony, and this one is very well made; made by two top TV men in fact, Producer Fred Coe, and Director Arthur Penn.

Full of shooting, bodies galore, rough riding, and we must assume, a nice clean death on the purple stage as a grand finale. So, to boots, saddle, horse, and away!

"KATHY O" Showing at the Star and Metropole is one of these films that Hollywood turns out about itself. What it does is to tell in its own inimitable manner, a story of a clash of temperaments against the movie world background.

Patty McCormack is a pitiable brat of a temperamental movie star. Dan Duryea is her press agent, and the emotional storm occurs when these two are brought into conflict.

Add to this Jan Sterling as a high voltage magazine writer who is always on the lookout for the sensational expose story, plus Mary Fickett, Duryea's current wife who is a friend of Jan Sterling, and you have more complications than the present political situation.

The trouble starts when Patty McCormack refuses to play ball with the studio, and will have nothing to do with a Hollywood Christmas war.

Against all this sophisticated business is a great deal of emotional stuff to show that under the brittle shell of Hollywood sophistication hearts are still tender and true.

So all ends well. One reason seems to be because Hollywood has such a high respect for Christmas, and will not permit an unkind word to be said until the early hours of Boxing Day; the second seems to be that films of this kind must always show that filmland cannot alter the true honest hearts of the executives, no matter how they appear to outsiders.

However, except these conversations, and you have a very good film based on the Saturday Evening Post story, "Memo on Kathy O' Romke."

It is made in CinemaScope and Eastman Colour, has a nice theme musical staff to show that under the brittle shell of Hollywood sophistication hearts are still tender and true.

Quite good entertainment, and rated high for its difference from the present trend in films.

WITH all deference to Hollywood, and as an erstwhile fan of the type of Western that was heralded by "High Noon," and "Shane," I feel the time has come to say the emotional impact of the introverted quick trigger gunman is played out.

Where we go from here, I do not know. What new variations on the Western air for two pistols, can be thought up. I have no idea. But this variety of the quick draw and nimble twist that has played out as a record on a juke box. Not that "Gunman's Walk," now at the King's and Princess, is not a good edition of that theme, but that we are rather wearied of the whole business.

We Western fans are ten bucks ahead of the game. We know what is going to happen, we know who is going to get the best of it, and we know who is going to get the girl.

However, until someone thinks up something new, here we have all the elements of the "Shane" classic. A theme song, "I'm a Runaway," a tough rough son of a gun, a little bit of a girl, the fatherly love, James Darren, the gentle passive son. The Eve in this gun slinger's paradise is Kathryn Grant, as a half expected Mickey Shagnessy to get going after his exquisite performance of a semi-literate tough seaman in "Don't Go Near the Water," but he turns up in this film as an ex-pugilist delinquent to keep an eye on juvenile delinquent, Tab Hunter.

A good film of its type, made most appropriately in CinemaScope and in Technicolor. It shows up a picturesque episode of the legendary old West.

"THE High Cost of Living," due next week at the Hoover and Paramount, is a more than good domestic comedy, starring Jose Ferrer, along with

Joanne Gilbert and Jim Backus. Where the film is likely to appeal is in the situations which might be anyone's, and probably are. And where the film scores is, Jose Ferrer's so exact portrayal of any man with a lot on his mind, nagged by fears he keeps to himself, and interpreting every bit of evidence that comes his way as a significant sign that he is going to get the sack.

The morning grouse, the almost childish snapping at life that seems to have played unfair; the touch of self pity; the flagellant moods he inflicts upon himself almost delighting in his ready acceptance that he is for the boot. Comedy it might be, but I saw it as a comedy, only in the archaic acceptance of the word. In fact, "The High Cost of Living," is really a Comedy of Errors. As usual, with Jose Ferrer in a film, there is only Jose Ferrer. In fact, this ability to dominate every picture he makes is causing it to become increasingly difficult for him to find the medium by which he can bring his considerable talents to the screen.

Personally, I rate this film very high; and so I think will other imaginative people. For who is there who has not felt at some time, quite without reason, that people were deliberately neglecting them, reading undeserved promotion for a colleague in the glance of the boss; seeing one's self passed over because one lacks the ability to kiss the boss's hand?

Well, this film is all about that, and one almost cheers when Jose Ferrer decides to tell the boss what he can do with his job.

On the other hand, Jose is inclined to take it out of his wife, not deliberately, but at some time, quite without reason, that people were deliberately neglecting them, reading undeserved promotion for a colleague in the glance of the boss; seeing one's self passed over because one lacks the ability to kiss the boss's hand?

There is not a home in the Colony, where a man holds a minor executive position, who has not experienced at some time, or has seen it come to pass, the episode this film so delicately portrays. Which all goes to prove that we go through quite a lot of life, worrying about situations that don't exist. In this case, the film I mean, it all begins with a clerical error. And then poor Ferrer starts weeks of worrying which only goes to show... doesn't it?

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

# They Make SKIRTS Of The London P.C.'s CAPE LATEST CRAZE IN THE U.S.

Complete  
With  
E. H. R.  
Emblem

New York.  
TWO thousand London policemen's capes, complete with a badge bearing the royal E.H.R. monogram, are being snapped up by American women... to wear as skirts.

The capes, only just put on sale, are going so quickly that the shops are already seeking more.

The American firm which imported them bought the capes from British Government surplus stocks and has an option on another 8,000.

## Startled

But startled Britons here are asking:

Why were the star-shaped metal badges bearing the words Metropolitan Police, the royal monogram—and a crown—not taken off the capes before they were sent abroad?

Why were the capes sold at all when they look as good as new—and are now fetching £20 15s each?

An advertisement in the latest issue of one of America's top magazines shows a young American, with a crew-cut hair-style, slacks, and moccasin-type shoes, wearing one of the capes.

"Imported. Authentic. English bobby's cape," says the advertisement. "Guaranteed worn. Waterproofed. Oilskin-complete with badge. Great as campus coat, sports car rallies, ski-ing, etc."

## Gals Too!

Then, in bold letters: "Gals too! borrow it from him! for football games, ice skating—any active or spectator sport. Doubles as a skirt. Black with navy lining. One size only."

Chief of a chain of stores with headquarters at Westport, Connecticut, told me: "The immediate reaction has been quite astounding. People are rushing to buy the capes while we still have warm weather."

"Women fasten them round their waists instead of their necks and wear them as skirts. There is a leather strap to stop the capes flying open."

"Naturally, it's a big attraction to be able to wear a London policeman's badge and to know that the capes themselves have been round a policeman's shoulders."

Said another store manager: "Adults are not only buying them for themselves, they are also getting them for their children going back to school."

## Policeman's Calypso Of Notting Hill Riots

London.

A calypso about the disturbances on his beat, the Exchange Telegraph domestic news agency reports: The calypso runs:—

"In September of 1958,  
We had racial trouble at Notting Hill Gate,  
When the whites and blacks all started to fight,  
Tons of charges every night.

"We arrested them white, black, Khaki,  
We were on no particular side you see,  
If they continued to fight, shout or deride,  
They were quickly arrested and brought inside,

"Offensive weapons by the score,  
Laid about the charge room floor,  
Meat axes, flick knives, iron bars too,  
All were used in this little do.

"At the height of the trouble in Talbot Road  
A strange thing happened to us we are told,  
When police were making the rioters go  
Who should turn up but Commissioner Joe.

"Racial riots may not be right,  
But nor is a juke box playing into the night,  
We can all live in harmony,  
There's good and bad on both sides you see."

—China Mail Special.

## Free Medicine!



## THE 'CLOWN PRINCE' ABDICATES

Newcastle.

THE Prince of Wales—the "Clown Prince" that is—abdicated here.

Welsh comedian Wyn Calvin who has been billing himself as "The Clown Prince of Wales" for the last five years renounced the title at his 32nd birthday party because of a tactful letter from a Royal Secretary at Balmoral Castle, where the real Prince of Wales, nine-year-old son of Queen Elizabeth, is staying.

Mr Calvin wrote to the royal household for advice when the Queen created her son Prince of Wales last month.

The reply, signed by an assistant private secretary, said in part: "The fact that you are in doubt whether to continue it (the title's use) suggest to me that its continued use, while not being in any way impermissible, may give offence to others, in particular your fellow countrymen."

—China Mail Special.

## This ODD World THE PARROT TALKED BUT...

London.

A TALKING parrot who didn't know its own name had a Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals official scratching two heads—his own and the parrot's.

R.S.P.C.A. clinic manager Harry Greenhalgh said the tame green parrot was found walking down a London street.

Greenhalgh said it was a good talker but wouldn't divulge where it came from or its address. He said every time he mentioned a name the parrot squawked and demanded to have its head scratched.

"I'm also scratching my own trying to work out how I'm going to find the parrot's owner," he added.—U. P. I.

## Mystery Sound

Naples.  
A RADIO listener coded a "mystery sound" contest on a local radio station when he named the sound as the whirring of a slot machine.

The winners—the Rev. James Bishop, pastor of Grace Lutheran Church—insisted he won "by luck."—U. P. I.

## Nightmare

Manila.  
MRS Jose Manalastas, a Manila housewife, told her husband at breakfast that she had dreamed she was visiting him in jail. Two hours later she was actually visiting him in jail.

Mr Manalastas, 22-year-old labourer, was detained by police on connection with the fatal stabbing of a man. Police said that Mr Manalastas admitted stabbing the man who had whistled at Mrs Manalastas while the couple were walking near their house after breakfast.—China Mail Special.

## Unwanted Rose

Derby.  
A ROSE by any other name may smell as sweet, but it may not sell so well.

So a nursery here in England renamed its new strain of bright red rose "Velvet Robe" because it didn't sell well under its original name, "Atom Bomb."—U. P. I.

## A DOCTOR GETS THE HORRORS

London.

HUNDREDS of people are streaming to a Welsh art exhibition to see a doctor's "nightmare" painting of the National Health Service.

Dr G. F. Potts, a Cardiff general practitioner, took one year to complete the oil painting which expresses his sense of frustration with nationalised medicine.

The allegorical study includes:  
• The harassed doctor.  
• Clamorous patients.  
• The dentist's chair with a skeleton as a patient.  
• Stairs to a heavenly hospital board.

A tomb marked "G.P. R.I.P. July 5, 1958." The painting is being exhibited at Penarth, Glam., with a hundred other works of the South Wales art society. Crowds gather around in every day.

Dr Potts, 52, has been a G.P. for 20 years. He has one assistant and 2,700 patients.

He has painted as a hobby for six years, usually in the mornings before surgery hours. "I had to do it for my own satisfaction," he said. "Normally I do landscapes, portraits and still life," he said.

## Thieves Warned

Rome.

Thieves are warned—leave painters alone.

A young man posing as an art dealer two days ago stole a painting by—Rome artist Giovanni Consolazione which he had promised to show to a "client."

It took Consolazione 10 minutes to sketch a portrait of the thief from memory. Police took a look at it and said: "That's Enrico Monacelli." "Today Monacelli was in jail and Consolazione had his painting back."—U. P. I.

## The Golf Ball Chasing Fox

Hasting.  
A FOX twice came out of a wood and ran off with a golf ball, while three members of the St Leonards Golf Club were playing over the course.

The trio playing were Mr W. J. Hart, director of a local motor firm, and Wing Commander and Mrs V. E. Wallace.

When they drove from the 18th tee in a friendly match, Mr Hart's shot landed about two feet from the pin.

A group of members watching from the clubhouse terrace saw a young fox run from a nearby wood, snatch the ball in its mouth and disappear with it to the wood.

The layout of the ground prevented the three players from seeing the incident.

Wing Commander Wallace then drove another ball on to the green and the fox again came out of the wood, seized it and disappeared.

An eyewitness commented: "We watched the fox playing about on the green and snatched balls left to be, but it took no notice."

"It seemed very calm and casual about the whole business."

Golfers caught the fox malevolent the golf hole for ages.—China Mail Special.

## This 'Cool' Talk Is 'Last'

Hamburg.

EVERYTHING is simply fragrant, the Hamburg newspaper Welt reported today.

"Fragrant," the newspaper has ascertained, is the favourite word of West German teenage jazz lovers. Much as everything in the United States if this writer is not behind the times, is "cool."

Welt's reporter visited Hamburg's jazz cellar to research his chosen subject. He reports the second most favourite word of the young now is "sour," i.e., "that party last night was really sour."

Furthermore, that fine trumpet player was "a real tub."

## Their "Wives"

All the boys on hand brought their "wives," but don't let that fool you, that means "girl friends."

When they went home, some of the girls carried away a few beer mugs in their hand bags, beer mugs they had "dusted" off.

Welt's man left the party early, just as he heard some girl say "that was the last jazz number tonight." Turned out she really meant it was "the best."—U. P. I.

## Britons Go West At England's Dude Ranch

Crowborough.

HOLIDAY-MAKERS from many parts of Britain are taking to the saddle for a holiday in the "Golden West."

And they find it all—palomino horses, embossed saddles, fringed buckskins and stetsons—in this quiet corner of Sussex.

An Englishman, Mr Peter Mason, and his wife, Prudence, have turned their 100-acre, lower steep farm into a "dude" holiday ranch.

Mr Mason, known as "Buck Starr," said today that it was becoming more and more popular for holiday-makers and casual visitors alike.

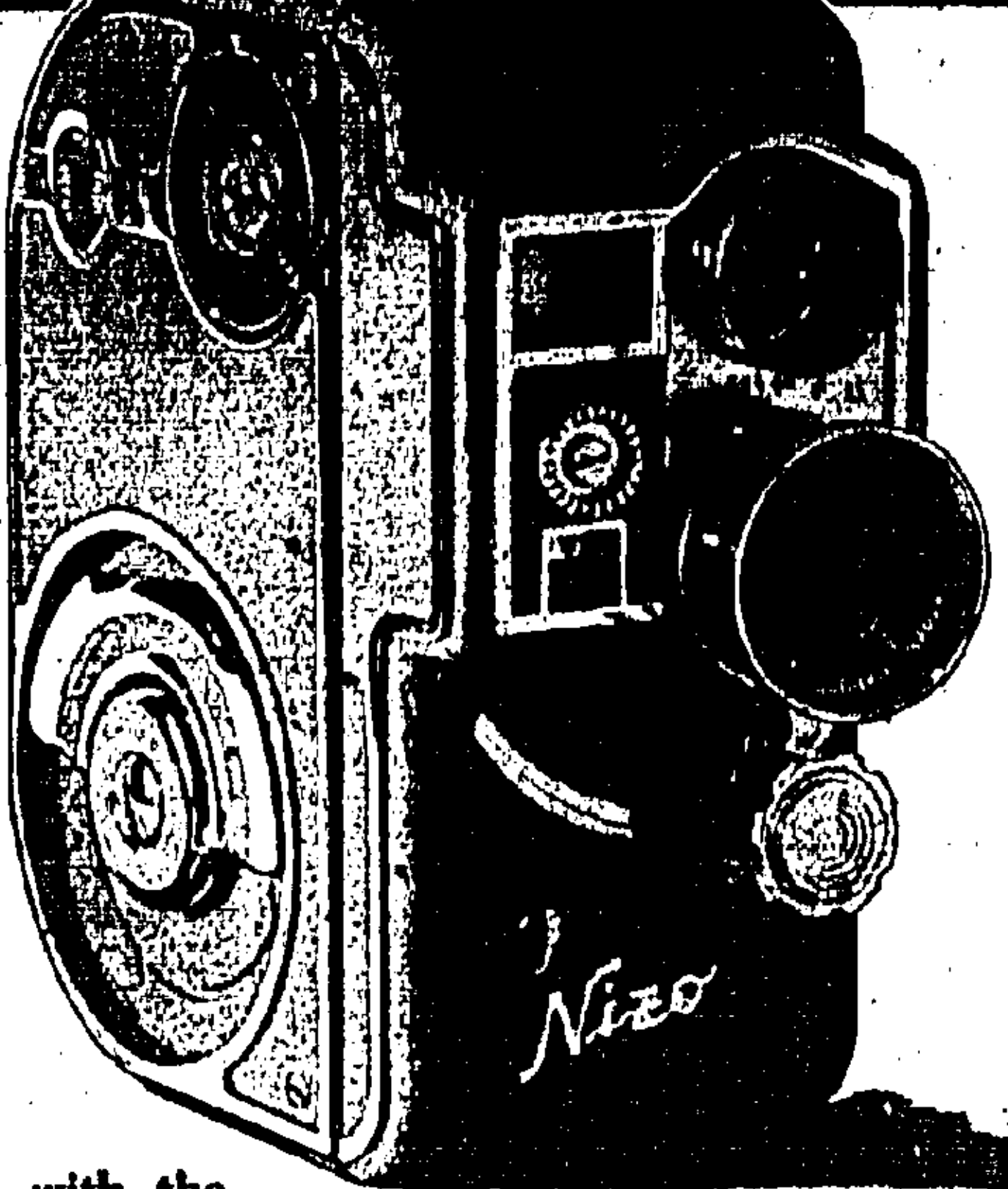
## Trick-Shooting

He once worked on a "dude" ranch in the United States and later ran his own wild West show which toured Europe. His wife, a relative of the Duke of Norfolk, did a trick-shooting act in the show.

Visitors to the ranch ride—Western style—through the Ashdown forest country, see roping and riding stunts by Mr Mason and some of his wife's trick-shooting, and are taught to groom and tend their own horses.

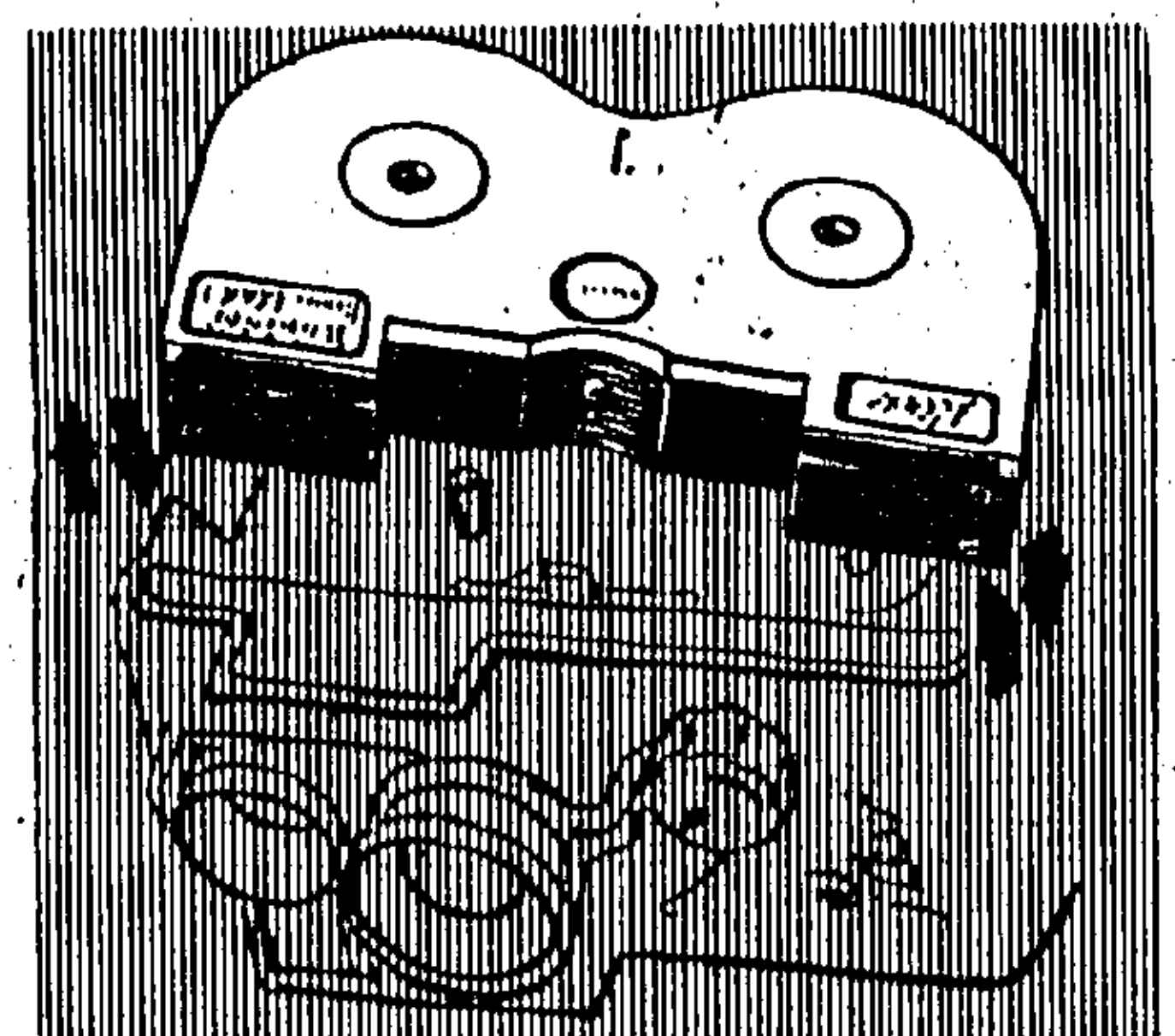
Mr Mason said: "It was obvious to the British people of Western books and films that gave me the idea that a dude ranch would be a popular novelty to holiday-makers."

China Mail Special.



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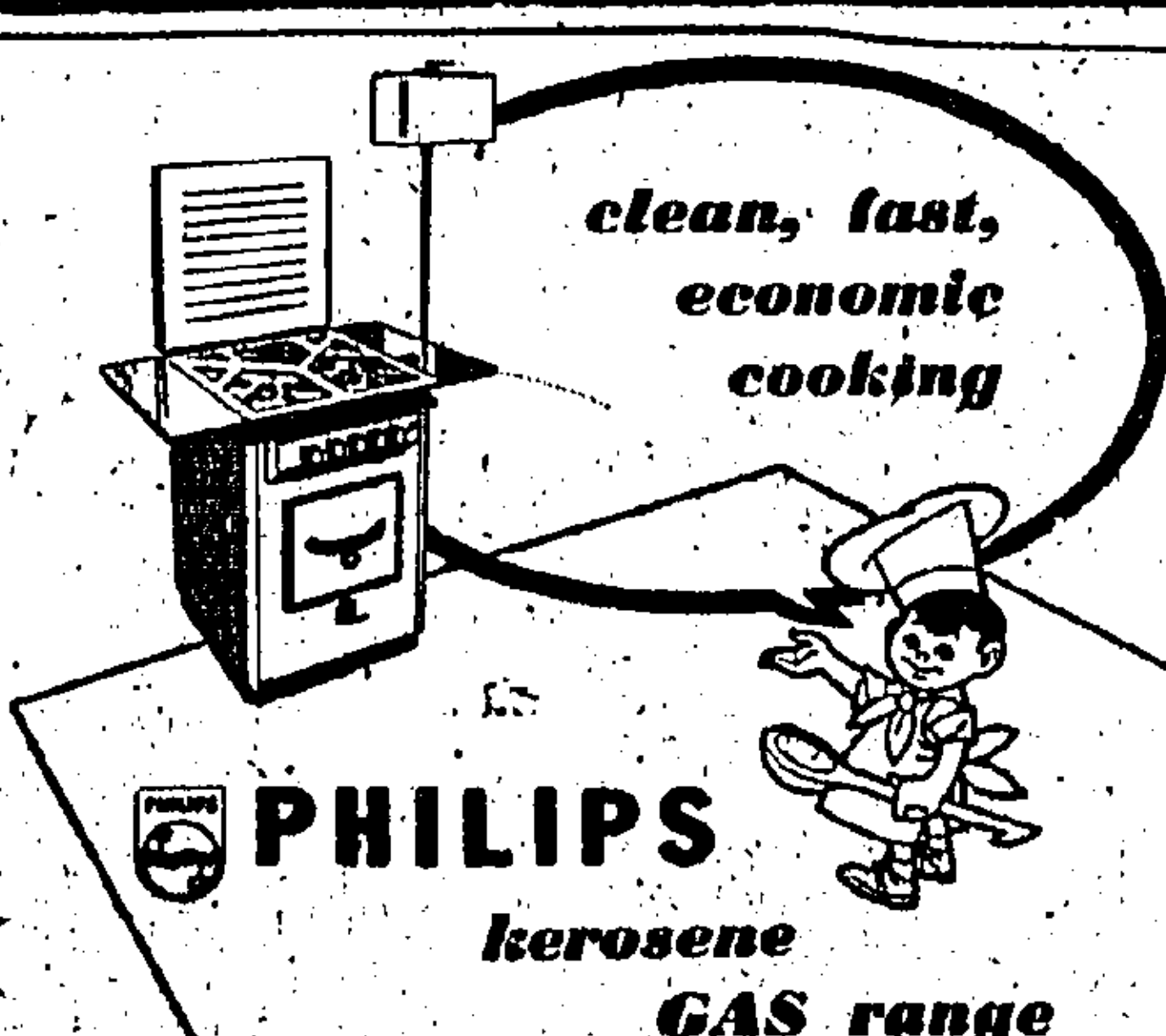
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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: "Divorce? I don't want one!" Says Dawn Addams. "I have been separated from my husband for some time, but only a separation caused by my work," she said firmly when reporters questioned her on her arrival at London Airport recently.



ABOVE: Because of the M.C.C. ruling that the wives of cricketers cannot travel on the same ship as their husbands, Mrs. Frank Tyson left for Melbourne recently, from Southampton, in the Southern Cross. Frank, the Northants and England fast bowler, was there to see her off. But there were no tearful farewells as Frank will join her in eight weeks when he arrives in Melbourne with the M.C.C. touring side. The Tysons were married in Melbourne ten months ago. Mrs. Tyson will stay with her parents.



ABOVE: Picture shows visitors to the Farnborough Air Display examining a model of the Black Knight, the British rocket which was successfully launched at Woomera, Australia, at the week-end. The Black Knight is 35ft long by 3ft across. The scientists who conducted the test recovered the nose cone. It is hoped that much valuable information will have been gained from the test, and it is said that, without any modification the Black Knight could be used to send the first British earth satellite into space.

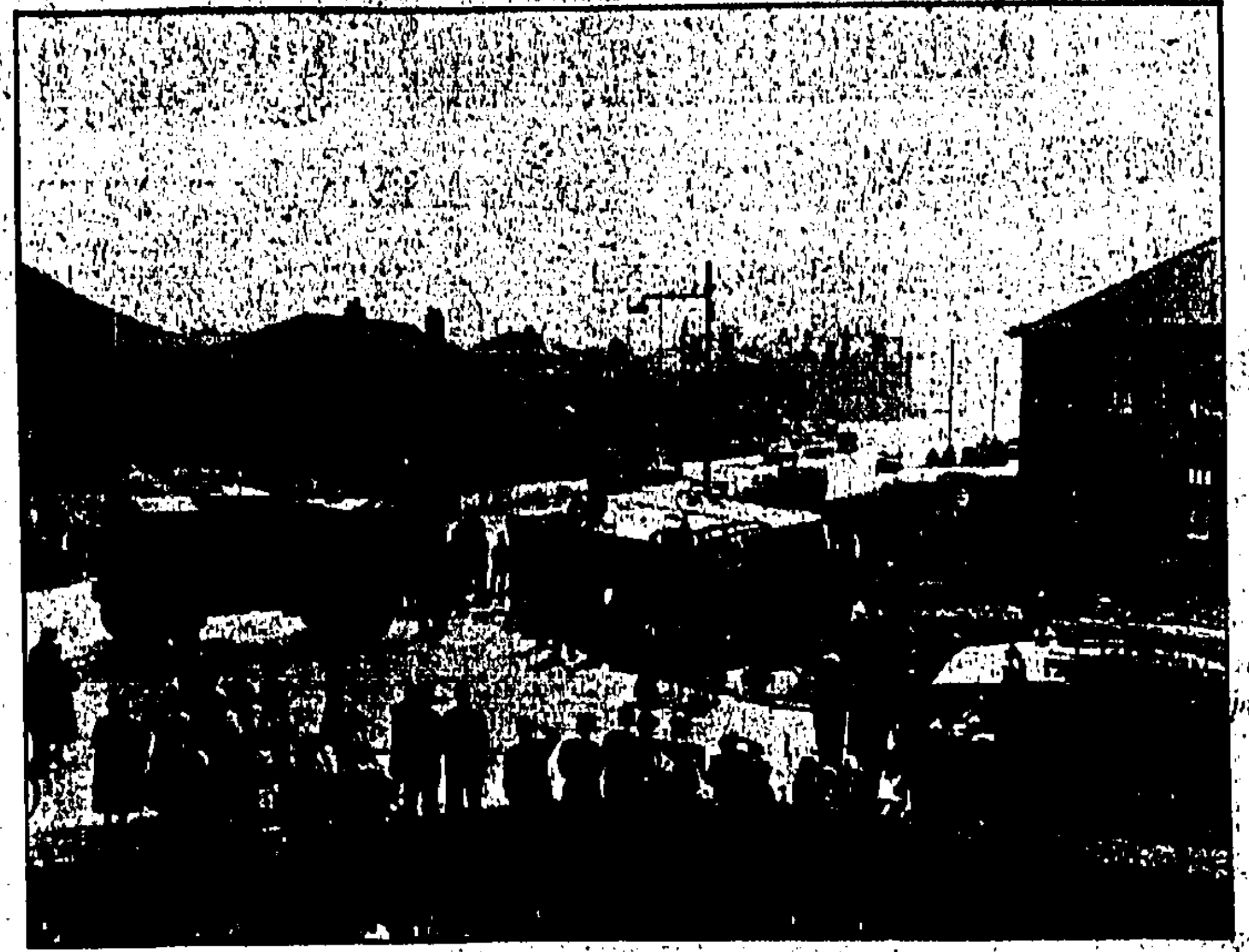


ABOVE: American calypso singer Harry Belafonte, now touring the Continent after a successful stay in Britain, poses shortly before leaving for France with his wife, Julie, and their 12-month-old son, David.

ABOVE: It was a happy coincidence that led to a double christening of a white baby and a coloured baby, in Notting Hill, the scene of some of the worst rioting, in London's recent race disturbances. Neither of the couples concerned knew that the other would also present a child for christening. The white child, christened Anna Frances, is the daughter of Mr and Mrs Christopher Perrott, Notting Hill; and the coloured baby, named Daniel Gerald, is the son of Mr and Mrs Francis Kulubya.

BELOW LEFT: Jamaica's Chief Minister, Mr Norman Manley, chats with six-year-old Doreen Saunders of Brixton, during his tour of Britain recently. Mr. Manley went to Britain to investigate the racial disturbances there.

BELOW: A radio message from the British ship Brackleyham "attempted murder aboard", when outward bound for America, recently brought the Royal Navy into action. The Frigate Orwell was sent to her assistance, a party of armed sailors went on board. A seriously-wounded Indian was taken off on a stretcher, and also another Indian who was handcuffed.



ABOVE: The quiet of a Glasgow housing estate was shattered recently when a double-decker bus came into collision with a single-decker bus. The larger bus overturned in the roadway, at the junction of Gartcraig Road and Warreston Street, and the other bus careened on into the front garden of a house. Passengers were thrown about and suffered minor injuries, and the driver of the double-decker bus was trapped in his cabin. He was released by firemen who were called to the scene, and was removed to hospital with injuries.

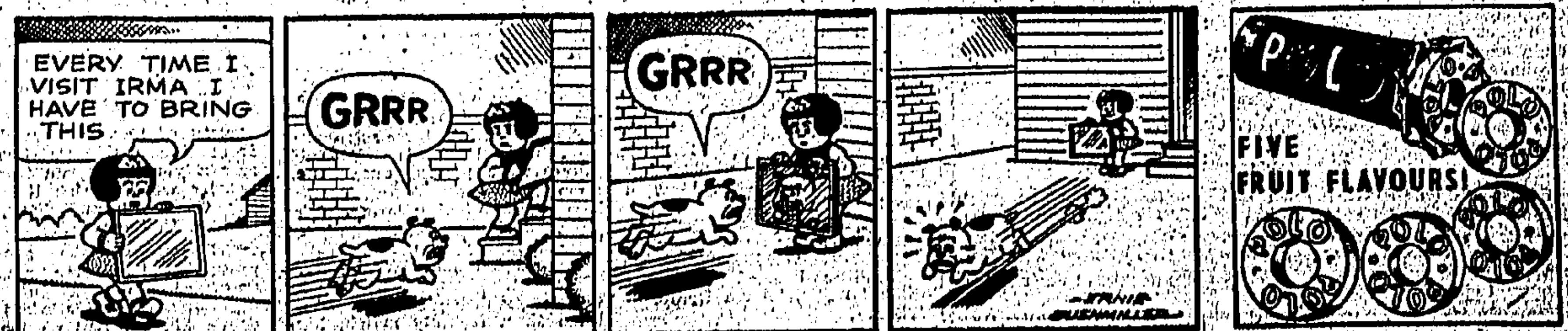
RIGHT: Sir Winston and Lady Churchill celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary this month. Messages of congratulations poured into the former Prime Minister's residence in the south of France from all corners of the world. Britain's Grand Old Man is seen stepping out of his car recently at the Cote d'Azur after a drive.

BELOW: Successor to Dior, M. Yves St. Laurent, visited London recently in connection with a fashion show he will put on for the Duchess of Marlborough in aid of the British Red Cross Society, which will be attended by Princess Margaret. Said he: "I'm not interested in what I see in the street, it's only what I feel inside that is important. I'm working for myself — not for the people around me."



## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





## Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



**PIECE:** This word was used to replace all classifiers by Pidgin-speakers. Earlier Pidgin used it for inanimate things and reserved—cells for animals (including humans) as happens today in Malacca. Pidgin Piece has still great vigour in Hongkong, especially among amahs. (Gloss: You catch one piece wife? Are you married? (Have you a wife?)

**PIK NIK:** I give you one guess.

**POMMEL:** The shaddock or citrus decumans, largest of the citrus fruits. It is also spelt pummelo. The name seems to have come from India and although many related forms occur its etymology is still held to be doubtful. Some of these names are pommelo and pampel-mouse in French India; pummelo, pummelo, pummelo, pummelo, and even pummelo-nose in earlier British records. As early as 1601 it was spelt Pummeloos by the Dutchman Scholten. Hongkong Portuguese call this fruit jambo.

**PUNK:** An air-cooling device brought to China by the Europeans. It was once Hongkong's word too. The word descends ultimately from Sanskrit pūṣha. (Gloss: The following oddity-expressed statement from The Pioneer "Punkah says that in its own country it is pulled by a string and is used to ventilate a room.")

**PUNT:** A Chinese inch; ts'uen. Punt (punto from the Portuguese ponto) originated in Canton. It was the tenth part of a coud (itself of Portuguese origin).

**PUNTI:** "Indigenous Cantonese-speaking shore-dwellers, particularly in contrast to Hakka from whose language the expression is taken." This definition is taken from the Hongkong Government Annual Departmental Report by the District Commissioner, New Territories, 1955-56, which also contains a map which indicates in colour the distribution of Punti and Hakka villages in the New Territories. In the same report it is stated that the Punti dialect belongs to western section of the Yuen group of Chinese dialects.

**PAILAU:** A triumphal archway. The Commissioner of Police, Hongkong, recently issued a circular to registered societies, trade unions and other organisations forbidding "the hanging across any street, road or footpath of any decoration, banner, sign or pall" and the "erection of pailaus or similar structures" without the approval of the Director of Public Works. The name, of Chinese origin, is composed of elements meaning tablet and stage or erection. Yule and Burnell noted that the construction was derived from India with Buddhism see Indian and Eastern Architecture, pp. 700-702. The Japanese Torii are said to have the same origin.

**RATTAN:** The common cane, often used in the manufacture of light furniture, etc. The word is of Malay origin; rotan or rotan. The form rota has long been in use in the Portuguese of the East and still survives in the dialect of Hongkong.

**RICKSHA:** This well-known word is a shortened version of the Japanese jin-riki-sha "manpower-vehicle." The ricksha has given way to pedal or powered vehicles in most parts of the East. The New English Dictionary quotes the Pall Mall Magazine of 5th August, 1887: "There can be no impropriety in ladies... riding in our easy and delightful Rickshas" and again the issue of 3rd February, 1880 which speaks of "Chumming with Chinamen, jinkishaling with Japanese... palavering with Peruvians." It is claimed that the ricksha was first used in Japan around 1816 and that its inventor was an American missionary by the name of W. Goble.

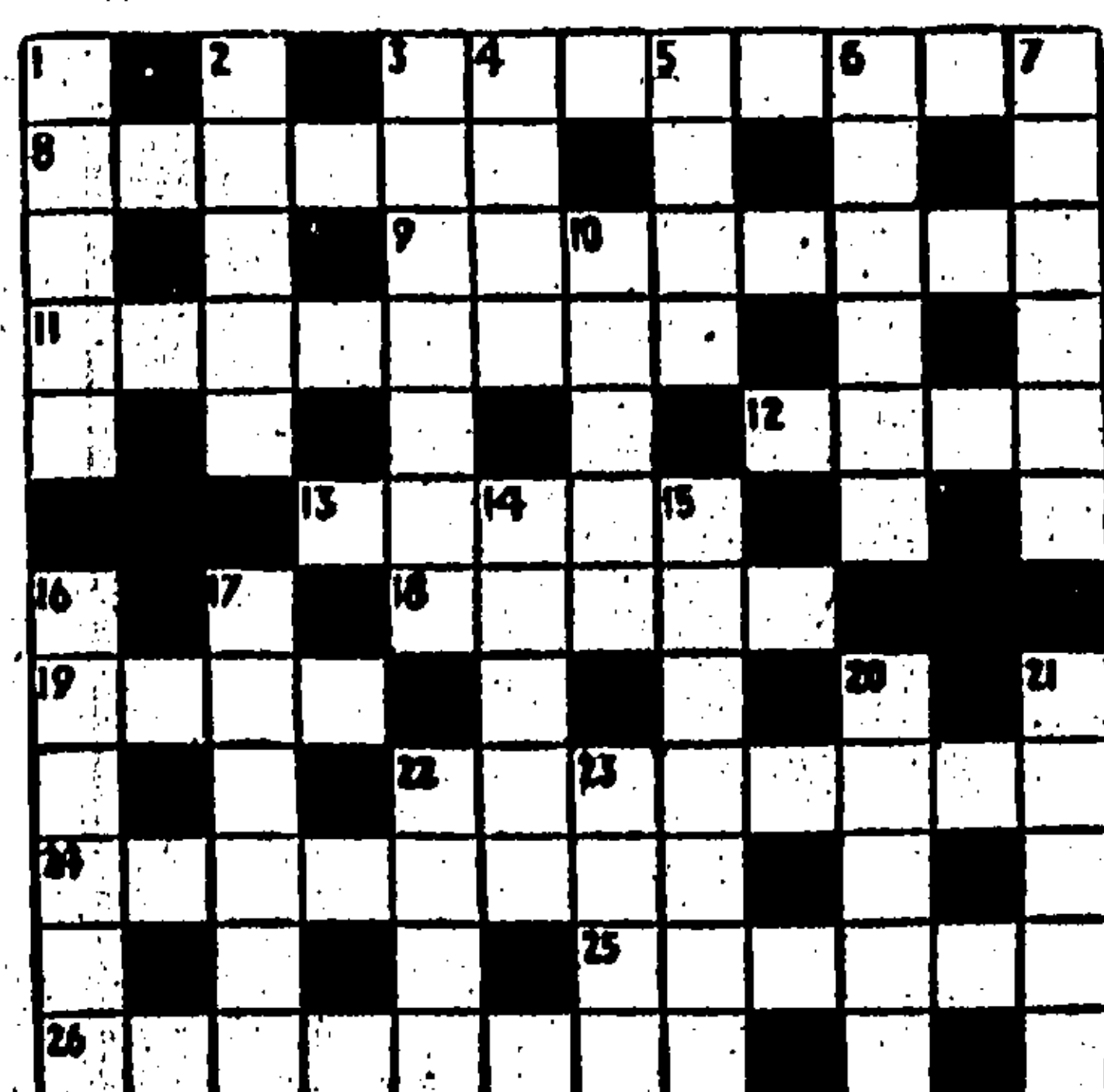
**SAAM MAN CHAI:** This is the form in which English "sandwich" is borrowed by the Cantonese dialect of Hongkong.

**SAAM PIN TSAU:** Champagne. The first two elements represent the borrowed foreign word.

**WHITE SALMON:** A fish, eleutheronema tetradactylum, also known as thread-fin. Local fishermen call it Ma Yau which Herklot and Lin translate as "Horse's friend."

**SAMPAN:** This word is applied by Europeans in the China seas to any small boat of Chinese pattern. It is written in Chinese with the characters for "three" and "board." In Annamite it is sam-ban which is obviously related. The name was known to Europeans in the sixteenth century—sampa is documented for Spanish and champama for Portuguese. There is some doubt as to the origin of this name which may be in Malay rather than in China. The modern form goes back only as far as the early seventeenth century.

## A British Crossword Puzzle



### ACROSS

- 3 Feeble old man (8).
- 8 Insect on the border in Ireland (9).
- 9 It's usually at the bottom (8).
- 11 Large sums paid for music? (8).
- 12 Sure, it may be a trick (4).
- 13 For measuring gas? (5).
- 18 Challenged (5).
- 19 Flying castle (4).
- 22 Old name for a drink (9).
- 24 He makes things up (6).
- 25 How old likes to receive parcels? Agree? (8).
- 26 To live in it is the choice of the recluse (8).

### DOWN

- 1 Scottish county town (5).
- 2 Get going (5).
- 3 Shelled? (7).
- 4 Sign (4).
- 5 Said to make a platform (4).
- 6 What Miss C. was? (8).
- 7 Row in Hyde Park (6).
- 10 Submit to delay (6).
- 14 Field plants (5).
- 15 Compulsion about a code (7).
- 16 Finds pieces of harness (8).
- 17 Blush? (6).
- 20 Regal beer (6).
- 21 May be wide for the unpopular voyager (8).
- 22 Swag (4).
- 23 Rustic drink? (4).

**FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD:** Across: 3 Rushness, 7 In-a-N.E., 8 Flamingo, 10 Coolie, 12 Sweater, 15 Tarr, 17 Recties, 18 One-step, 20 Ogles, 21 Detrain, 23 Lenses, 27 Localise, 28 Molot, 29 Suspects. Down: 1 Discs, 2 Canoe, 3 Rehit, 4 Hump, 5 Ernest, 6 Scouts, 9 Lenses, 11 Caring, 12 Lapses, 14 Regrets, 15 Tiers, 16 Aerie, 18 Codice, 19 Elects, 22 Twains, 23 Asple, 24 Noddy, 26 Flee.

# Fascists Behind The Race Riots?

WEST Indian ministers in Britain to investigate race-rioting at first hand have been seeing "fascists" behind the troubles. Some of them have detected "organisation" in the flare-up between coloured West Indians and whites, particularly around Notting Hill, London.

Now, there is no fascist party as such in Britain. There is, however, a rash of frenetic extremists whose propaganda smacks of the extreme "white" nationalism of the earlier fascists.

These have suddenly come into a certain amount of prominence because of racial troubles both in London and Nottingham. They have been swift to attempt to exploit the high feelings of low intellects.

But as I hope, an objective observer I believe they are being grossly flattered by having blame for the racial tension laid at their door.

Their "Keep Britain White" campaign has been supplanting quietly for several years. And it has been accorded the same credit as the "Yanks Go Home" and "No Popery" wall-daubings elsewhere.

So long as no one took it seriously it was harmless.

Now, under the generic head of "fascists," its authors have been elevated by visiting ministers to the status of influencers of public opinion. The danger here is that, invested with this stature, they might become the rallying point for everyone with

a complaint, real or imagined, against coloured immigrants. I do not believe that they can ever attract sufficient support to constitute a real menace. But, fortified by being taken seriously, they can make the tricky task of integrating coloured migrants even longer and more difficult.

## On The Shelf?

**REMEMBER** the Wolfenden Report? It was the result of investigations by a government-sponsored committee into prostitution and homosexuality in Britain.

Peter Burgoyne's

## NEWS FROM BRITAIN

It is more than a year since the Report was published and nothing has been done about it. Not even a debate in Parliament.

Essentially, what the Report proposed was that the law covering prosecutions for prostitution should be given teeth and that homosexuality between consenting adults in private should no longer be a crime.

Now there are signs of agitation—launched off by the committee-leader, Sir John Wolfenden—for some government action on the report.

But for the recommendation about homosexuals it is a safe bet that the report would already have been debated and its recommendations, to a greater or less degree, embodied in the law. Few, if any, dispute the need to clean up flagrant prostitution, particularly in London.

At the same time there is every indication that the government realises that, so far as the recommendation on homosexuality is concerned, parliamentary feeling may be badly out of touch with popular sentiment. There would have to be a free vote on this recommendation, and it is more than possible that the recommendation would be endorsed.

brisk unofficial trade in hard-to-get tickets. If the show is a smash hit like, let's say, "My Fair Lady," the prices demanded by the "scalpers" bear little relation to the prices at the box-office.

In recent weeks the entrepreneurs of the box-office queues have been offering to trade their holdings of "My Fair Lady" tickets for tickets to the latest American show "Auntie Mame."

On the strength of pre-opening bally-hoo, their enterprise seemed justified.

They must be kicking themselves now. For "Auntie Mame" opened in the West End last week, and even the presence in the name part of Beatrice Little could not save it from a very cool reception by the critics.

The theatre critic of "The Times" commented on the string of sketches which convulsed New York that they "may be very American but are not often very funny."

It seems that what makes America laugh may leave Britain cold.

## By Any Other Name...

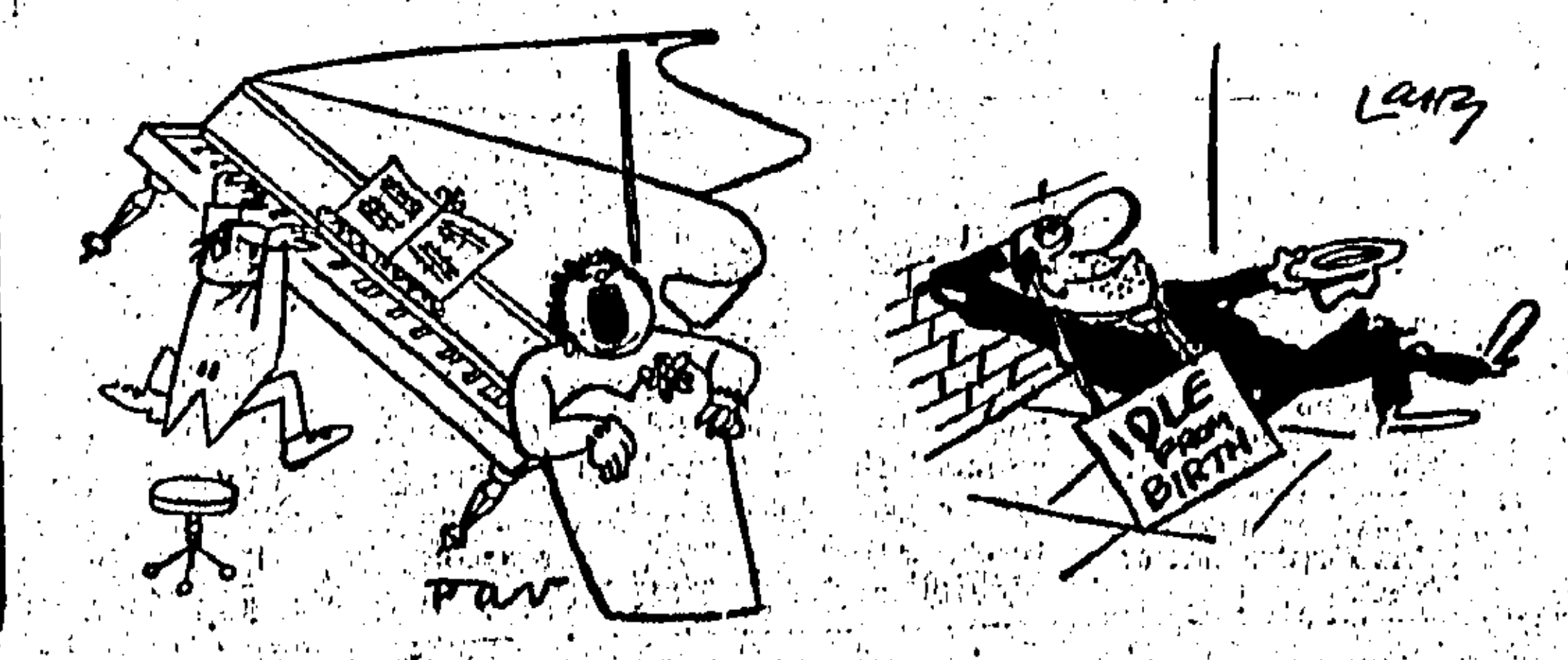
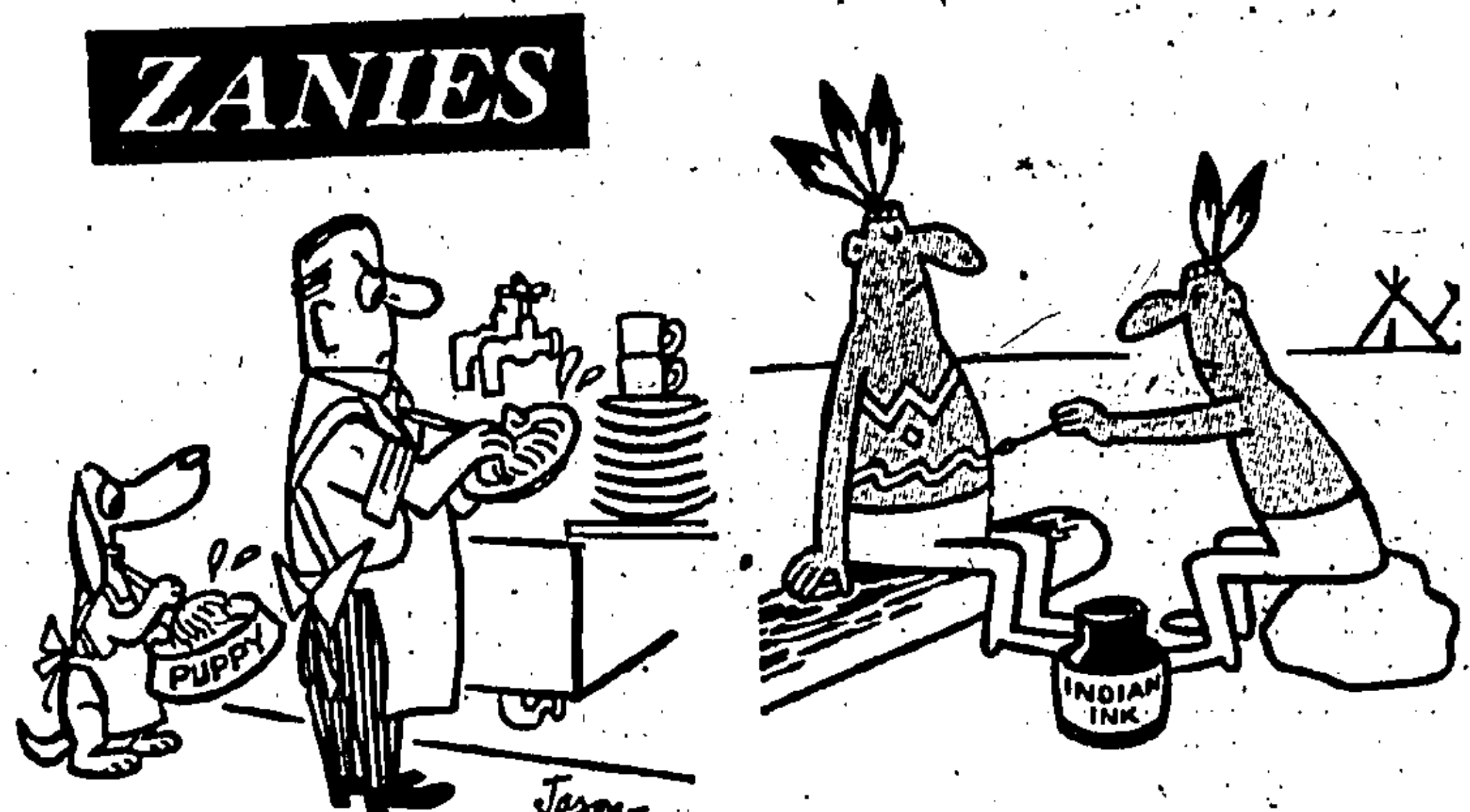
IT'S a curious psychological phenomenon, this latter day refusal to call a spade a spade. Nowadays it's got to be something like "a manual excavator."

In Britain we no longer have dustmen, plumbers and rat-catchers, for instance. These necessary and honourable workers have been replaced by street orderlies, sanitary engineers and rodent operatives.

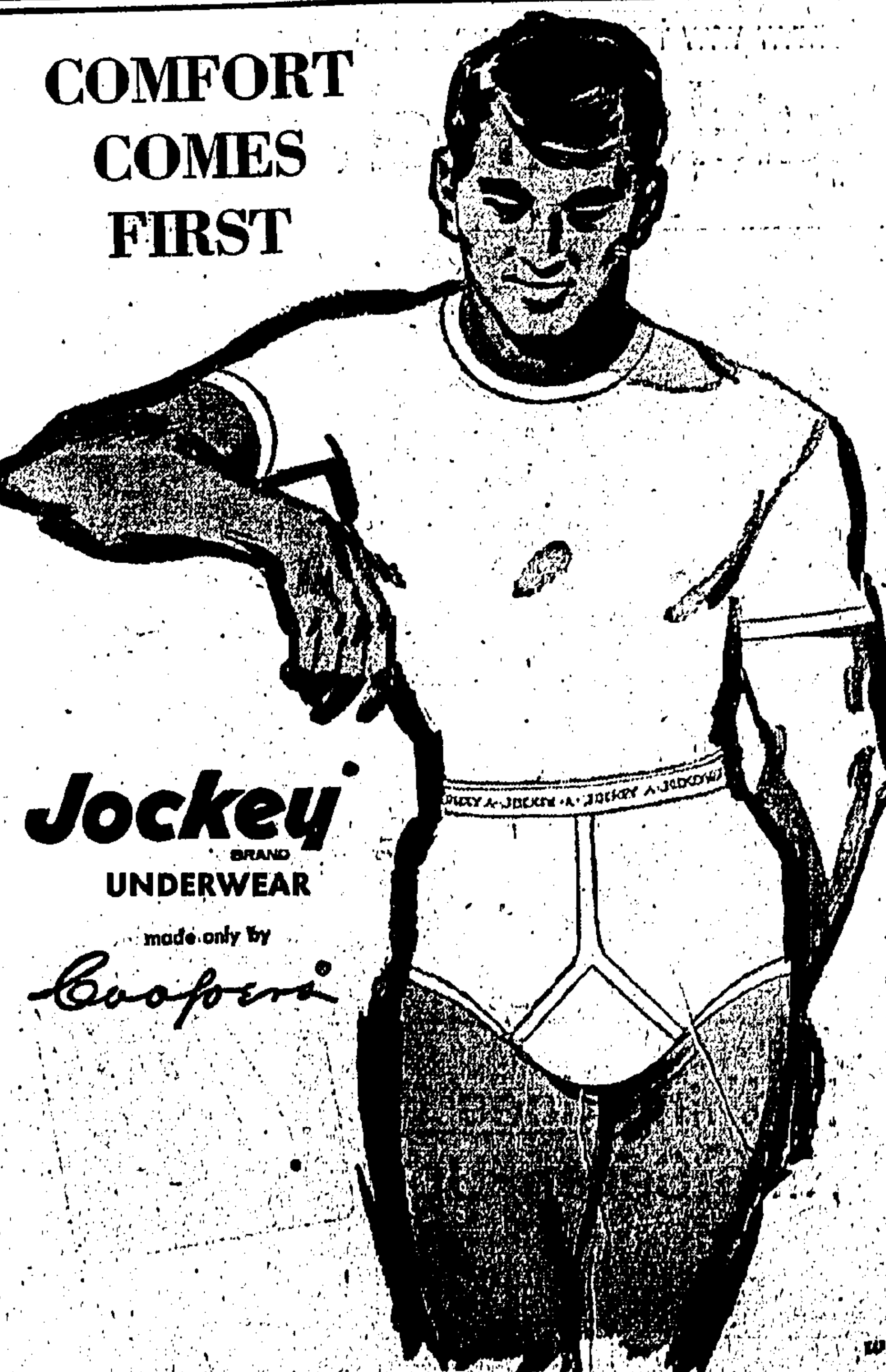
Now, from the annual conference of the Institute of Housing, we learn that in describing the elderly as "old people" we are, at best, guilty of a solecism; at worst, offensive.

They should now be known as "senior citizens."

I trust that the elderly, scrimping along on an old age-pension, appreciate the irony of being referred to as "senior citizens."



## COMFORT COMES FIRST





# If You Don't Want To Go—Stay!

ON Sunday night I dressed in a white satin evening gown, as there was a gala dinner. The men were all in their evening clothes and the ladies in full dress. But I wish to say there was no dancing. British ships do not, or did not at that time, permit dancing on the Sabbath night. Nor was there excessive drinking on the part of the Captain or anyone else, as has been frequently stated. It was a calm, well-behaved crowd of people.

I distinctly remember the lounge, a very beautiful spectacle, everyone sitting about in evening clothes, the orchestra playing.

About 9.30 p.m., having some letters to write, I went up to the drawing room and, incidentally chatted with a little lady from Los Angeles. Her husband came along and said he was going to the smoking room to play bridge. "Play all the bridge you want to," she said, "but under no circumstances do I want you to come down and wake me. I want to have a good night's sleep." Both perished.

I had been writing for some time when the library steward called "Lights out, please, it's 11.30." I handed him a number of letters telling him that I did not have my purse with me but would pay for the stamps the next morning, and I took a couple of books from the library to read.

I walked from the stern of the ship to my room, which was way forward on the same deck. I was just turning on the electric light, when I felt a very slight jar, then a second, a little stronger, and a third, accompanied by a heavy shock strong enough to make me cling to my bed-post. I noticed immediately that the floor of my room had a decided list. The ship seemed to have come to a dead stop; but as I thrust my head out of the stateroom window, I noticed a huge white mass, like a mountain, slowly drifting by. I put on my fur coat and ran round to a friend's room and said, "Come along, let's go out and see what has happened."

We were quickly joined by several others in various stages of undress. We all looked at this white mass, and someone said, "It's an iceberg." I must say I was overjoyed because I had always wanted to see an iceberg, from the time of my school days. Someone said icebergs showed only one-ninth above water, and another remarked that this one must be "earlier" under the surface. It towered well above the smoke stacks of the ship. I found out afterwards that an iceberg has a light side and a dark side. Unfortunately destiny decreed that the dark side should be towards the ship.

We all regarded it as a great joke that we had hit an iceberg, and ran to the forward part of the ship, picking up bits of ice and snow which lay scattered along the deck. Someone suggested a snowball fight and we were soon throwing snow at one another.

Looking down towards the Class Deck, I noticed a number of stokers walking across it and going down below, the ice crunching beneath their

boots. Someone said: "Why, they are walking on a solid ground of ice." Nobody had any fear or thought of danger. The calm sea and brilliant, starry sky, completely reassured us. The only disagreeable factor was the intense cold, enough to numb one's face and hands.

We walked about the deck, and I spoke to several officers and asked them what it was all about. They said: "We have struck an iceberg. There is nothing to worry about. The best thing to do is to go back to bed." After about three-quarters of an hour, I decided I would do so, to get warm. I returned to my room, started to undress, and was ready for bed, when a young man I had met earlier in the day called through my door: "An order has been given that we are to put on lifebelts." I called back: "What for?" "Well," he said, "that's the order."

I threw a wrap around me, went out to talk to this young man in the corridor and found him trembling and crying and very much unnerved.

"Well, if we have to put on lifebelts, we shall have to put them on," I said. I had no opportunity to thank this young man—I never saw him again.

I went back into my stateroom and quickly slipped on a dress. I was still wearing velvet slippers with imitation diamond buckles, and the thinnest sort of silk stockings, and I had on no underwear. I just seized anything that came to hand quickly, and put on a long fur coat, and rushed out into the lounge.

But before doing this, I did what later seemed a most unusual thing: I took all the dresses in my room, went into

the other stateroom opposite, where my trunk was, threw the dresses into them, shut the trunk, locked them, closed the stateroom windows, and took the trunk keys with me, and locked the cabin door. Shall I ever forget my last look into my stateroom? The soft pink light of a table lamp, the pink down quilt, the warm radiator casting a soft glow; everything so cosy, so comfortable. How I hated to leave it!

In going down the corridor, I passed the open door of a friend's room who had purchased a beautiful dog in France. The dog was whining, and I remember tucking it under the bed cover, patting it, and then closing the door.

I went to the lounge on "A" Deck where I saw my bedroom steward Wareham. He was fully dressed with a black coat and bowler hat.

"Miss," he said, "I am glad indeed to see that you are up and dressed."

"Wareham, do you think there is any danger, or is this just one of those English rules that requires us to put on lifebelts?" He replied: "It is a rule of the Board of Trade that in time of danger lifebelts must be worn by the passengers. But please don't be alarmed."

"Wareham, what about my dresses and the other things.... Do you think they will transfer the luggage?"

To this he replied: "Now, if I were you, I think you would go back to your room and kiss them goodbye."

"In that case, do you think the ship is going to sink?" "No, Miss. She certainly ought to be able to hold out a good 48 hours anyway."

"Wareham, I think it would be a good idea if I had my mascot with me. I left it on the dressing table. Would you mind going to the stateroom to get it for me?"

And as I saw him going back down the corridor to fetch it, I noticed that there was an incline from the drawing room down the passage. As I learned afterwards, it was beneath my stateroom, the iceberg had torn into the ship's side, directly under the swimming pool, and had then come up against the water-tight bulkheads, which were holding the ship up for the time being.

Wareham brought me back my toy pig, and the people all around me smiled. I felt a little more reassured. I never saw Wareham again, but remember his slight remark: "I hope we get out of this alright. I have a wife and five little kiddies at home." The stewards, in fact all the employees of the "Titanic," were exceptionally fine lot of men and women, all glad that they were transferred from the "Olympic" where nearly all of them had served. They undoubtedly knew there was danger, but at no time did they portray their fear to the passengers. No words can adequately praise these magnificent officers and crew.

The lounge began filling with passengers, some dressed and some half dressed, some of them quite displeased at being roused out of bed at this hour. I overheard Colonel Washington Roebbling, grandson of the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge saying: "Whatever the trouble is, I doubt if there is any real emergency. The 'Titanic' has 15 watertight bulkheads which truly make her unsinkable. A leak might slow down her speed a few knots, but it would not do very much more than that." Colonel Roebbling subsequently perished.

Just then a deck officer called an order from the lounge door: "All women and children only, come this way please and go to B Deck."

I went up to the Boat Deck and remember seeing quite a lot of men standing about. We waited and stood around aimlessly and then another order was shouted: "All women and children will immediately return to A Deck." Again I stood quite a long time wondering what it all meant. Then yet another order: "Women and children back again up to the Boat Deck."

I thought this just a farce, a sort of boat drill, for frankly I did not know what it could mean. So I disregarded these instructions, went back into the lounge, found a nice comfortable armchair, and sat down where it was warm and cosy. There were four or five men perched about the lounge, and one of them said he had heard they had launched five lifeboats.

"Surely there is no danger," I said. And he answered: "No, but you know these English—they are the greatest people for rules and regulations and the greatest sticklers for this sort of thing."

By this time the Purser had offered to return the valuables which passengers had checked with him at the beginning of the voyage, and I noticed quite a line of people in front of his desk. This seemed ridiculous to me, and I chose to leave my own jewellery safely locked up in the ship's strong box. It is still there today. I only saved one piece of jewellery which was pinned to my dress, and my wrist-watch.

The order was again shouted: "All women and children must immediately proceed to the Boat Deck." As this was called, I noticed what seemed to be a regiment of white-clad bakers going up the steps with loaves of bread as tall as a man. I remember saying with a laugh to someone standing by me, that this looked like the carnival parade at Nice. I wondered afterwards what became of all that bread, as there certainly was none in my lifeboat.

I then went out up to the Boat Deck and found myself standing next to Mr Bruce Ismay, the Managing Director of the White Star Line, who was wearing his black evening trousers and a nightgown with frills down the front. He was shouting orders. A number of men on the other side of him were barked up almost in a solid mass near the cabin bulkhead. He spied me and called out: "What are you doing on this ship?" I thought all women and children had left it there are any more women and children on this ship, let them step forward and come over to this stairway immediately."

Mr Ismay practically threw me down a narrow iron stairway to the deck below. There has been much criticism of Mr Ismay, but he certainly saved my life. I passed between two lines of sailors to the rail. Two burly

sailors got hold of me and attempted to throw me head foremost into the lifeboat which was suspended alongside. But when I noticed how far from the rail that lifeboat was, swinging on its davits from above, I became terrified—so much so that my legs and feet went rigid and my slippers fell off. I screamed to the two men: "Don't push me!" One replied, "If you don't want to go, stay!"

I then looked about in the gutter of the deck for my slippers, which I found minus a diamond buckle that had fallen off. I never found the buckle. Then I looked up again at the rail and at the lifeboat which was swinging so perilously far from it, about seven storeys above the sea. The boat was very full and slightly tilted to one side.

The thought of getting up on that rail and jumping terrified me. With the narrow skirt I had on, as in those days of 1912 the skirts came low to the ankle and certainly were less than a yard wide, it seemed to me that only an acrobat could perform. So there I stood with my little pig under my arm, and lifted me. I jumped and fell into the lifeboat, landing on

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## A Pig And A Promise Saved Me From The Titanic

By Edith L. Russell

"Well, if it is only a question of rules and regulations, I for one do not propose to go out on that deck and freeze to death," I retorted.

Just then I saw an officer and called out to him: "Master officer, should I leave in a lifeboat? Is there any danger?" To this he replied: "No, I do not know that there is any immediate danger, but this ship is damaged and she certainly cannot proceed to New York. She may be towed into the nearest harbour. We expect the 'Olympic' along in the next two or three hours. They will take the passengers off. However, there is no immediate danger, Madam. You can use your own judgment in this matter."

By this time the Purser had offered to return the valuables which passengers had checked with him at the beginning of the voyage, and I noticed quite a line of people in front of his desk. This seemed ridiculous to me, and I chose to leave my own jewellery safely locked up in the ship's strong box. It is still there today. I only saved one piece of jewellery which was pinned to my dress, and my wrist-watch.

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THE Titanic has struck an iceberg. Her passengers are not sure what has happened. Told to wear their lifebelts, they go on deck, then grumble their way back into the reception room.

don't want to go, we'll save your baby anyway," and he grabbed my little pig which, perhaps, in the excitement he mistook for a baby, and threw it into the lifeboat. I stood looking towards the lifeboat thinking: "There is my mascot. I promised my mother it would be with me always."

Just then I heard a very quiet voice near me saying: "Madam, if you will put your foot on my knee and put your arm around my neck, I will lift you to the rail, and from there you will be able to jump into the boat with less danger, and you will not be so frightened."

"Would you really go?" I asked this young man, "If you were me?" He answered: "Yes, without a doubt."

He then made a chair of hands with one of the sailors (such as we do in playing games), each one holding the other's wrist, and lifted me. I jumped and fell into the lifeboat, landing on

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Continued Next Week



# What makes MY kind of picture pay . . .

'THE MONEY MEN' LOOK BOLDLY INTO THE FUTURE

AS you go to meet the Top Men in the film industry you hear the sound of your footsteps fade as the carpeting gets richer and thicker on the way up.

The film tycoons of today are not very changed men. The shadow of recession has not

knocked the lustre or the glitter out of their offices.

I found them facing the industry's problems with buoyancy and optimism. If they have real fears for the future they are doing a very good job of keeping them hidden.

Sir Michael Balcon — head of Ealing films — put it to me: "I have been in films for thirty years. There will be films for

## Continuing: 30 YEARS OF MOTION PICTURES

another thirty, another fifty, another hundred years."

Film men are not always idealists, but they are frequently realists. They can also be harshly self-appraising.

Charles Goldsmith — head of MGM in London — reports a revival in cinema-going. "You know, I have people ring this office to ask when they can see Gigi over here. I've even had inquiries when we are showing Ben Hur, and that's not even finished shooting."

"This sort of thing never happened before."

"If you take a look at our production programme you will see how we are facing the situation. We are offering variety. The pictures we are making cater for all tastes. You name a big star and somewhere he or she will feature in the programme."

Arthur Abel, of Warner Brothers, puts his emphasis on the story.

"We are buying the really big novels. We have to pay high prices because other companies want them, too. People want to see good stories expensively made. There is no future for the cheaper picture; we've all tried them and they have failed."

Down at Associated British studios in Epsom, business is booming. Jimmy Wallis, studio head, told me: "We haven't room at the moment to make all the pictures we have planned."

The desk of Cyril Edgar, British boss of the Walt Disney company, was loaded with toys, there were clocks, and swords. Mr Edgar tried out one of the

pistols. took a swing or two with one of the swords.

They will soon be unleashed upon the nation's children to coincide with the arrival of Disney's The Sign of Zorro, which is likely to put Davy Crockett right back in the museum. This is one of eight major pictures Disney is making this year. A record number for the company.

"Disney's films appeal to the whole family," said Cyril Edgar. "That is the secret of their success. When people ring the cinema and find out a Disney film is showing they don't want to know any more detail."

Universal — international pictures have made revolutionary alterations to meet the new situation. Said their chief in Britain, Douglas G. Granville: "We closed the studios for a time and completely streamlined the organisation. Before, we were making more than 30 films a year."

"Now we will spend the same money or even more and make only seven or eight."

"The first picture made under this new policy will be seen here soon. It's called A Time to Love and a Time to Die, a story of the war. The writer is Remarque whose All Quiet on the Western Front made history for this studio 28 years ago."

Managing director David Kingsley told me: "There is no challenge that a crisis won't cure. Thirty years ago the film found its voice and many thought it would lose its head and its audience. As usual the fearful and the timid were wrong."

"Not every film can be a masterpiece or a box-office hit. But, generally, the cinema continues to offer the best in popular entertainment."

"We like to put particular emphasis on comedy — as in our film Private's Progress."

United Artists have more than 40 million dollars currently invested in production and a programme that carries them into 1960.



JAK LOOKS AT THE BATTLE OF THE BOX OFFICE.

picture it needs and be sure of getting it back."

British chief Monague Morton said: "When this company was originally formed by Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford it was intended to help independent producers to get a showing. We operate the same policy today. We are able to pick the best in picture ideas and see they have the best backing. We never interfere in the production. We let them get on with it."

F. E. Hutchinson, British head of Paramount, celebrates 50 years in the film business this year. He takes a calm view of the film crisis.

"In a Welfare State people have more to buy and competition for their custom is fierce. People have good homes and don't have to go out to escape dreariness. The social pattern has changed."

"We are adjusting the industry accordingly. At Paramount we are making fewer but bigger films. People shop for films just like everything else and we will provide films they will feel they can't afford to miss."

Let Ealing's Sir Michael Balcon have the last word. He told me: "There are still dedicated men in the film industry. They don't go through all we have to go through just for profit. With men like these behind them films will never die."

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## BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

I AM told that, in a few months' time, the last handful of London buses, each working to its own schedule, will agree not to accept passengers disapproved of by either driver or conductor; not to stop until they want to; not to stick to any prescribed route.

In the event of fewer people using the buses, fares will be doubled, and as a protest against further cuts in the services, the few remaining buses will finally decide not to run at all.

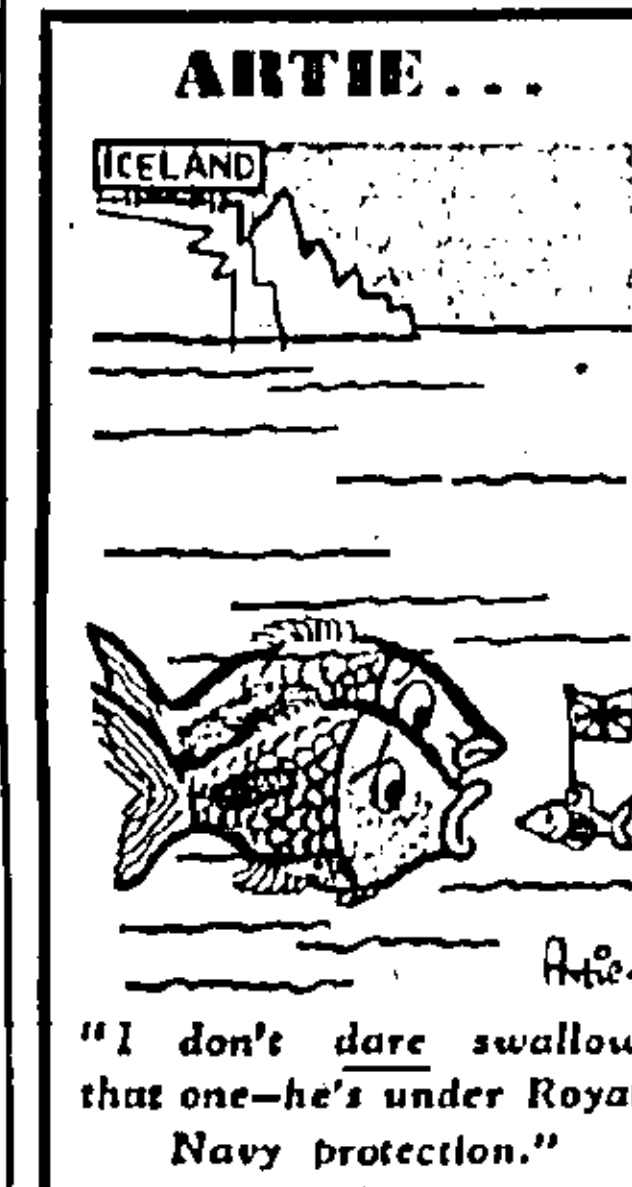
### In passing

THE spectacle of a great Power, which prides itself on its sense of humour, preparing to hide its head in shame if another great Power is the first to get a rocket into the moon's orbit is not an edifying one. If the whole business were treated as a comic sporting event and a subject for mirth, it would be another matter. While hoping that nobody will get to the moon, I think it is a pity that the "race" cannot be won by some little country which has made no fuss, such as Switzerland. The mortification and humiliation of the great Powers would be well worth watching.

### Neat but beastly

THE road to Shrillwillie runs past Macaroon Castle. Foulernough had discovered that a wine-merchant from Auchtermuchie was to deliver some cases of champagne at Shrill-

willie. Foulernough signalled to the van as it approached, and asked the driver to take back some empty cases with him. He agreed, and was asked in for a drink. Everything was so friendly that the driver lost count of time. Foulernough offered to take the van to Shrillwillie, and the driver agreed. Foulernough left the empty cases from the castle in the yard at Shrillwillie, drove back, unloaded the champagne, and returned to the party. When the driver had sufficiently recovered he drove the empty champagne cases back to his firm in Auchtermuchie.



"I don't dare swallow that one—he's under Royal Navy protection."

### NEW HERO

"We decided that far too many people had to wait too long before they got a chance to see a new picture. Now we have cut the time it takes to get a film around the country from two years to nine months."

We have also started opening our pictures in the provinces and suburbs at the same time they are showing in the West End. A recent example of this was The Long Hot Summer. It is time the folk outside the West End of London were made to feel a little important."

The desk of Cyril Edgar, British boss of the Walt Disney company, was loaded with toys, there were clocks, and swords. Mr Edgar tried out one of the

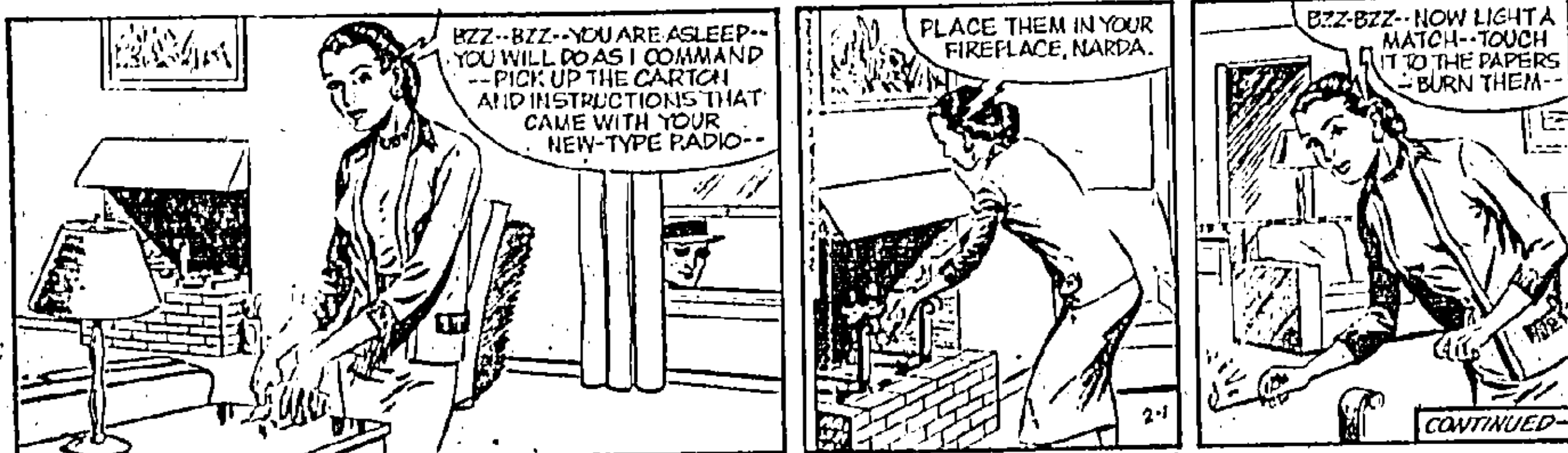
### FEWER FILMS

Shrewd planning and careful co-operation with other companies is part of the secret of their success.

"I have just bought a good story an American company was also chasing. Now I have agreed with that company that they shall release the film in America with toys, there were clocks, and swords. Mr Edgar tried out one of the

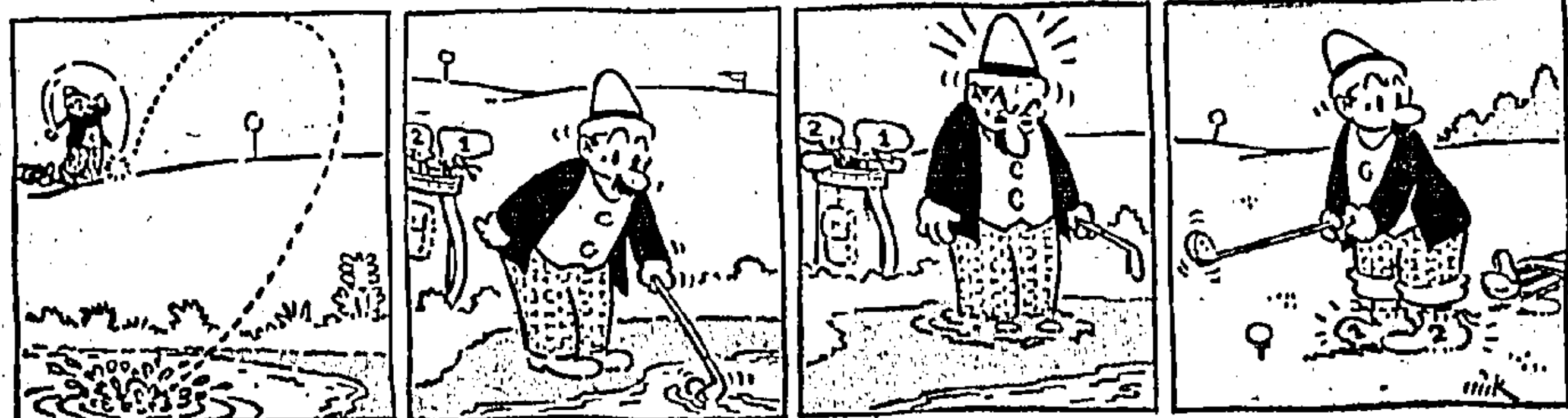
## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



## FERD'NAND

By Milk



## JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



## AUSTIN for ECONOMY

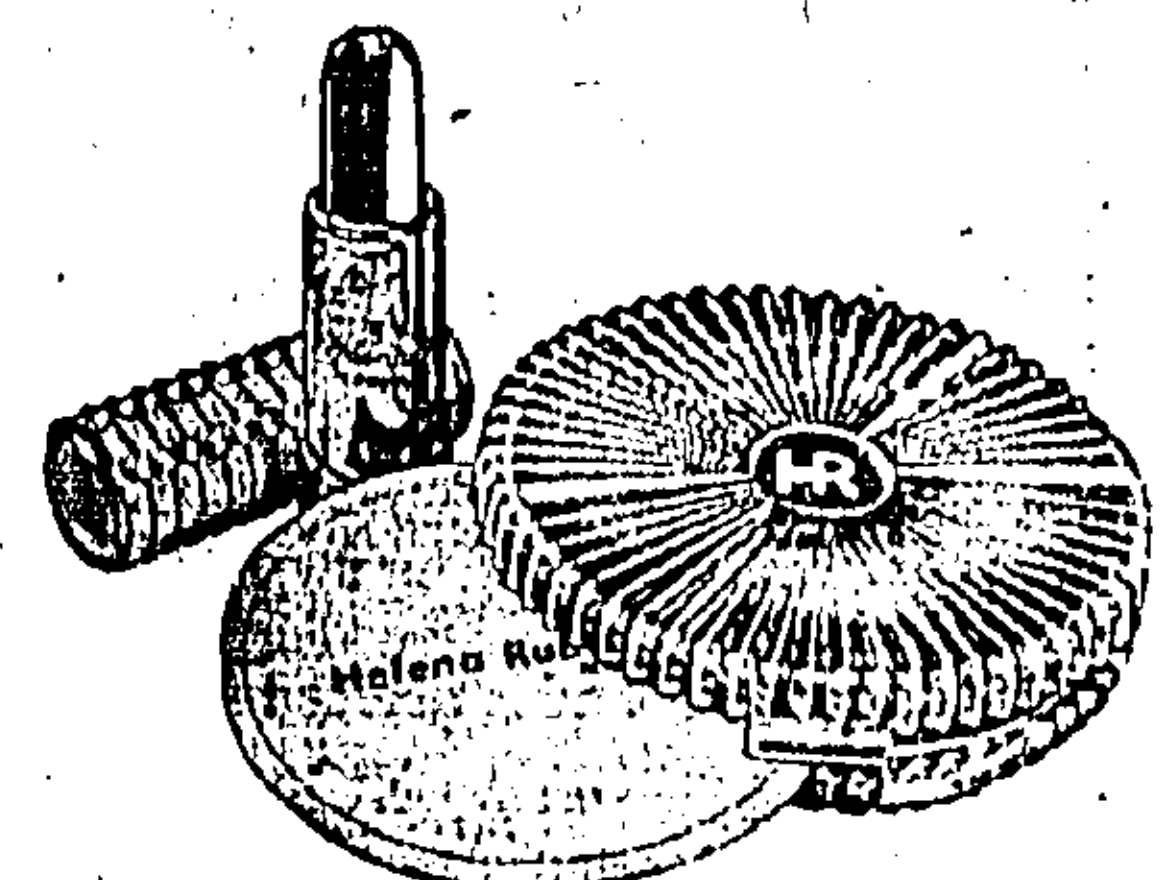


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Photograph of Miss Shakuntala Devi and Miss Diana Ma taken at

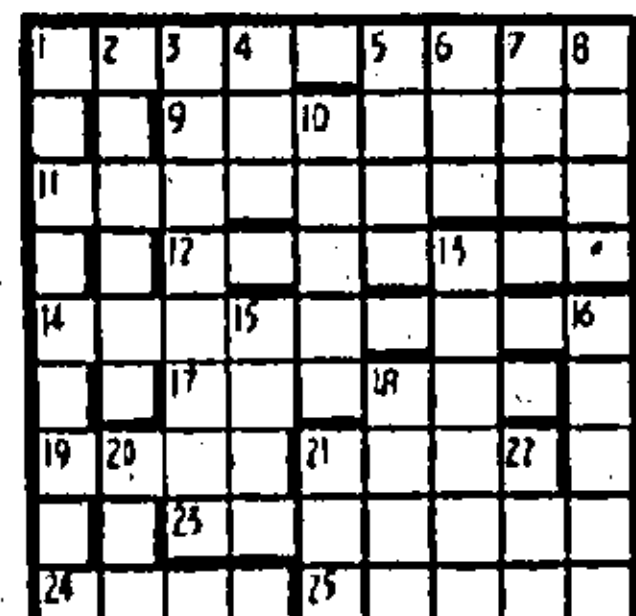
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- Across
1. A crisp film (anagram) (10)
  2. Cosmopolitan (7)
  3. Distributed (9)
  4. Fields are simply covered with them (7)
  5. Expert rifleman or golfer may try one (5)
  6. Retained (5)
  7. Money due (4)
  8. Check (4)
  9. Unruffled (4, 3)
  10. Cow (4)
  11. Vegetables (5)
- Down
1. Pisco (9)
  2. Doubt (5)
  3. Took a chair (5)
  4. Winning cards (5)
  5. Back the actor (5)
  6. Anger (3)
  7. Dressed in (5)
  8. Himalayan carrier (10)
  9. Olive (4)
  10. Communion (5)
  11. Nasty dresser (4)
  12. Success (5)
  13. Venice (5)
  14. Prohibition (5)

## THE NEW LOOK IN BABY FOODS









# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## IT'S HARTNELL NOW

A COLLECTION of coats and suits at prices which any British housewife can afford was shown by Mr Norman Hartnell, Queen Elizabeth's dressmaker, in London.

For Mr Hartnell, it was his last engagement before taking off for New York on the first lap of a 41,000-mile tour which will take him in the next two months, across the United States, Canada, Australia and perhaps to New Zealand.

Mr Hartnell himself was in good form and apparently not in the least daunted by the strenuous two months ahead of him. Wearing a tea rose in the buttonhole of a light brown novelty weave suit, he was laughing and joking with his guests as he said good-bye and they wished him luck.

★ ★ ★

During his trip, he will stage 98 to 100 dress shows comprising 110 models in all, of which 35 will come from his current winter couture "Commonwealth" collection.

From New York, where he was spending only one night but was meeting Mr Honing, one of the leading United States wool manufacturers to discuss the manufacture of wool fabrics, Mr Hartnell was flying to San Francisco to attend a party given in his honour by Mrs Cobina Wright Sr., a Hollywood columnist, who was Prince Philip's wartime "Godmother" and who attended his wedding to the then Princess Elizabeth as his personal guest.

Mr Hartnell was in Canada for his trans-Continental tour from Vancouver, where he first presented his collection. This collection includes not only clothes but

accessories like jewellery, furs, lingerie, stockings—a new seamless stocking is the latest addition to the Hartnell range—and perfumery.

Canada has already had a preview of Mr Hartnell's style in many of the clothes worn by Princess Margaret during her recent visit.

The collection which he took with him, will be seen in all major cities in Canada before he leaves, early in October, for Australia. On his way, however, he hopes to spend a "private" week-end in San Francisco "seeing the city" without any business or social engagements.

★ ★ ★

In Australia, he will also visit the major cities, including Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide and Brisbane.

In both Canada and Australia, he will show a proportion of clothes which have been made to his designs in the country itself and are destined to be the ready-to-wear trade. One of the objects of his visit is to put the finishing touches to arrangements to set up in each country a Hartnell House to manufacture clothes which he has designed for his ready-to-wear trade.

★ ★ ★

His second ready-to-wear collection, presented in London, follows closely the lines of his current London couture collection. The first collection, made for the summer trade, consisted of suits. Now he has added some very smart, up-to-the-minute coats featuring the season's latest bulky tops and tapering to the hemline.

Suits in this new collection all have slim, easy-fitting skirts. Many are

topped by short straight jackets, with dipping back. One group has skirts which rise high above the natural waist and, fitted with an Empire Style cummerbund, can be worn with or without a blouse. These are accompanied by short, Bolero-like jackets which rise in front, revealing, on one model in bitter yellow, a small bow on the top of the skirts. Another, in bright red, has a very short puffed jacket dipped at the back, and underneath, a short loose vest in black velvet.

A second group features Empire Line jackets with slightly bloused effect above wide, cummerbund-like belts. One very new looking suit in a butter yellow-and-black novelty weave fabric, is trimmed with a flat black Persian Lamb collar. Opposed to these very short jackets are suits with hip-hugging jackets, lightly bloused at the back and gathered into a belt or hem at the base.

★ ★ ★

Outstanding among the coats is an elegant green wool and worsted double breasted town or country coat with the season's new wide neckline and a luxurious looking wool and alpaca wrap-over coat with supple back drapes and one of the new deep shawl collars.

Prices of all models in this collection—each of which bears a Hartnell label—are well within the purse of the woman who dresses on a budget. They can be bought in stores all over Britain for as little as from 12 Guineas (about US\$36) to 20 Guineas (about US\$60), with a few, especially those trimmed with Persian Lamb, squirrel, or, in one case, mink, around 30 Guineas about (US\$90).

—(London Express Service).

## The Sari Changes Little .... But It's Better Than The Sack

By JEAN ROOK

THE High Commissioner for India hid her face in her hands and pealed with laughter. "That terrible sack dress!" she spread her elegant fingers expressively. "Every time I picture it..." the rest was lost in laughter.

Mrs Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, former President of the United Nations General Assembly, chatting with me in a quiet sitting-room in Sheffield, Great Britain, composed her face apologetically.

"Don't think me rude"—she smoothed the folds of her sky-blue, black-polka-dotted sari—"I love some of the Western fashions. But this year?"

At 57 she is also—with her silver hair, dark limpid eyes, smooth skin and exquisitely boned features—one of the age's most beautiful women.

When she turns her great mind to purely feminine matters her interest is as single-minded as if the decorative were of pressing state importance. And as Mrs Pandit points out, there's a difference between following fashion and being dragged along by it.

"Sometimes," she conceded to me gently, "I think Western women follow fashion at the expense of their good looks."

### DRAWBACKS

But the sari has its drawbacks. "We have such little fashion change"—the woman under the formidable intellect was wistful—"At times"—she screwed up her handsome face in rapture at the thought—"I see such a delicious dress and I wish so much I could wear it."

I wanted to know—as hundreds of women, especially grey-headed ones, must have wondered—just what is the secret of the High Commissioner's fabulous silver hair.

Mrs Pandit clapped her hands delightedly. "My poor hair—it went white like this when I was only 24 and yet everyone seems to like it."

"I treat it so badly. A little blue rinse only every two weeks—it should be more—and a little brushing—that's all."

Mrs Pandit's favourite hobbies are over arrangement and cooking. She does all the floral arrangements for Embassy parties herself, and has a library full of cookery books, collected over the years and stacked away for her retirement.

All hot Indian dishes? "Certainly not. I love my own food but I adore dabbling in Western dishes."

Cooking for her brother, Pandit Nehru, Prime Minister of India, is a dead loss, Mrs Pandit told me, with no little woman-to-woman indignation.

### IN THE CLOUDS

"He's always so much up in the clouds he never notices what he's eating," she said.

And he still treats the High Commissioner as his very small "little sister."

"I'm 11 years younger than he."

It was Mrs Pandit's first visit to Sheffield. But she's been very much aware of the city's clemency since she was a 20-year-old housewife.

"Indian people are very conscious of Sheffield. We've used Sheffield cutlery for years and years. Even in Indian homes where Western influence is not at all strong you'll find a knife somewhere that comes from Sheffield."

With three daughters, three grandsons and five grand-

daughters—all under the age of eight—Mrs Pandit has some strong views on bringing up children.

Co-education is one of them. "At a co-educational school, girls and boys learn to live and play together. It's so important in later life. Men and women have to work together and they should learn as early as possible to be comrades at work and play."

### BRITISH WOMEN

I asked Mrs Pandit what she thought about British women.

"I admire them," she told me sincerely, "but I think they, like all Western women, don't take sufficient advantage of their opportunities."

"I suppose it's because they've had, those opportunities so long they scarcely notice them"—she smiled gently at her own burning enthusiasm.

"To us, you see, it's all so new and exciting. That's why Indian women are rushing into important jobs and trying to fulfil themselves."

Seven years in and around New York must have given Mrs Pandit considerable insight into the American girl?

"It has," she agreed. "In America the emphasis is on marriage—the girls over there seem to take jobs with possible marriage in mind. At least you don't find that in Britain—or not to the same extent."

The sun slanted on a garden below us. The High Commissioner for India, discussing the art of growing roses, strolled with me to the door—then back to her notes on "India and the New Commonwealth."

An amazing woman? Yes. And no, says Mrs Pandit. After all, why should other women be surprised that a great world statesman does most of her own housework?

"Why shouldn't I?" says Vijaya Pandit. "I enjoy it. I've done it all my life."



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## What To Wear

BY JOY MATTHEWS

### For legs a little less than perfect

THERE'S A NEW TRICK IN THE STOCKING

Make-up is getting a leg-up. The battle of seam or no seam has finally been solved in America. Seams, they say, are out of date. Seamless stockings, they say, make your legs better.

One enterprising stocking company has decided to give the illusion of seamlessness by shading the stockings instead of sewing it. This firm has produced a stocking that shows the same way as leg make-up. It creates the illusion of seamlessness by shading an ankle, trimming curls, beautifying and slenderizing from toe to bottom.

The whole thing is done by means of colour—and only colour. They are leg-seam stockings, and they come in colour



FOR FASHION'S FOCUS POINT: A NEW AID TO THE SLENDER LINE.

### SEE HOW THE PANTS MOVE IN SMART PARTS...

NEWEST way to turn up for a formal evening is wearing a pair of beautifully cut, beautifully fashioned, beautifully coloured trousers. I have seen Kay Kendall looking superb in a pair of bright pink pants, topped with a beautiful brocade jacket. She was stepping out of her new Rolls-Royce.

I have seen Tina Louise, new sex sensation of the screen, wearing blue silk slanting slacks with a white cotton top.

I wear them for tennis, for dancing, for walking, for everything," she said. "My favourite pair is in green velvet with a matching top. All my friends wear trousers for parties these days."

★ ★ ★

Another addition to the pants parade is Mrs. Ann Lambton, wife of the race-horse trainer, who was wearing wool slacks with a drawstring blouse at the Worcester sales.

English manufacturers are now making silk and velvet trousers for party wear on a big scale.

Hints for slacks wearers. Tina Louise: "I have them lined." Bette Midler: "Don't wear anything at all underneath them."



KAY KENDALL



TINA LOUISE

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED? DEPT.

## Do you wear a bra under a sari?

Hoping to outdo Dior's Princess Sharma, an Indian girl who has been trained as a model and dress designer.

"It is high time that English women had a change, and so I am going to design saris for them to wear in the evenings—in English materials, of course. They will be nice and warm, and I shall even design them in tweeds."

Princess Sharma is hoping for a wholesale sale of saris. She is also hoping for a new kind of model girl.

"None of the English models can wear it. I shall design them without shoes, of course. I have already put one of my saris on an English girl."

She looked magnificent, but she still wanted to wear a bra. I told her that is impossible. It is wrong to wear bras with saris. I never wear one. A woman looks so much nicer without them.

"One of the best parts of a woman is her back. She should show it, especially in the evening, and to she cannot wear a bra. I shall certainly insist on all my models discarding them."

The princess is also planning to teach English hairdressers their job.

"I myself change my hairstyle for every single dress I wear. I plan to be a ball with everybody in white saris, with flowers in their hair—and no bras."





ABOVE: A group photograph of the Hongkong Choral Group's new committee following the Group's annual general meeting at the Chinese Catholic Club recently.



LEFT: A presentation of letters of appreciation to members of the public was made by Mr. A. C. Maxwell at Police Headquarters, Arsenal Street, this week. Mr. Maxwell (left) is seen with one of the recipients, 12-year-old Miss Hui Yee-ling. On right is Mr. G. W. S. Turner, head of C.I.D.

BELOW: The six Hongkong passengers of the BOAC Britannia which crash-landed in Rangoon earlier this month. All escaped with little or no injuries. They are (l-r): Misses Sylvia Hui, Diana Chan, Messrs K. T. Wong, K. C. Tsang, Mrs M. H. Young and Mr Lam Chin-man.



ABOVE: The St Stephen's College Old Boys' Association gave a dinner this week at the Golden City Restaurant in honour of the college's new Warden, Mr J. R. F. Melfuish. Seen (l-r) are Mrs Melfuish, Mr and Mrs T. O. Ts'o. Mr Ts'o is the President of the Association.

BELOW: Members of the American Women's Association were entertained this week by Mr J. B. Pilcher, wife of the U.S. Consul-General at her residence in Barker Road. One of the ladies is seen chatting with one of the blind girls of the Canossa and Ebenezzer Homes who helped to entertain.



ABOVE: Lady Black makes a speech during the opening of the second exhibition of Chinese art sponsored by the International Studio of Chinese Art at St John's Cathedral Hall this week.

ABOVE LEFT: Mr and Mrs Kenneth K. M. Wong shortly after their wedding at the Registry this week. The bride is the former Miss Betsy H. B. Chiu.—Ming Yuen.

RIGHT: Mr George Turner (left), Director of the Pacific Area Travel Association, was feted at a cocktail party by the Hongkong Tourist Association at the Hongkong Club this week. He is seen shaking hands with Mr R. Winship. Centre is Major H. Stanley.



ABOVE: A Battle of Britain memorial service was held at Sai Wan Military cemetery this week. Seen (l-r) are Mr C. G. Smith, Chairman of the RAF Association, Wing Commander J. Segar, RAF, and S/Ldr P.O. Scales, HKAAP.

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BELOW: Group picture of the Kowloon Cricket Club's committee during the re-opening of the Club's modernised premises by President R. E. Leo last week. Mr and Mrs Leo are seen (front row) fourth and third from left. Mr S. A. Gray (Vice-President) and Mrs Gray are seated on Mr Leo's left.



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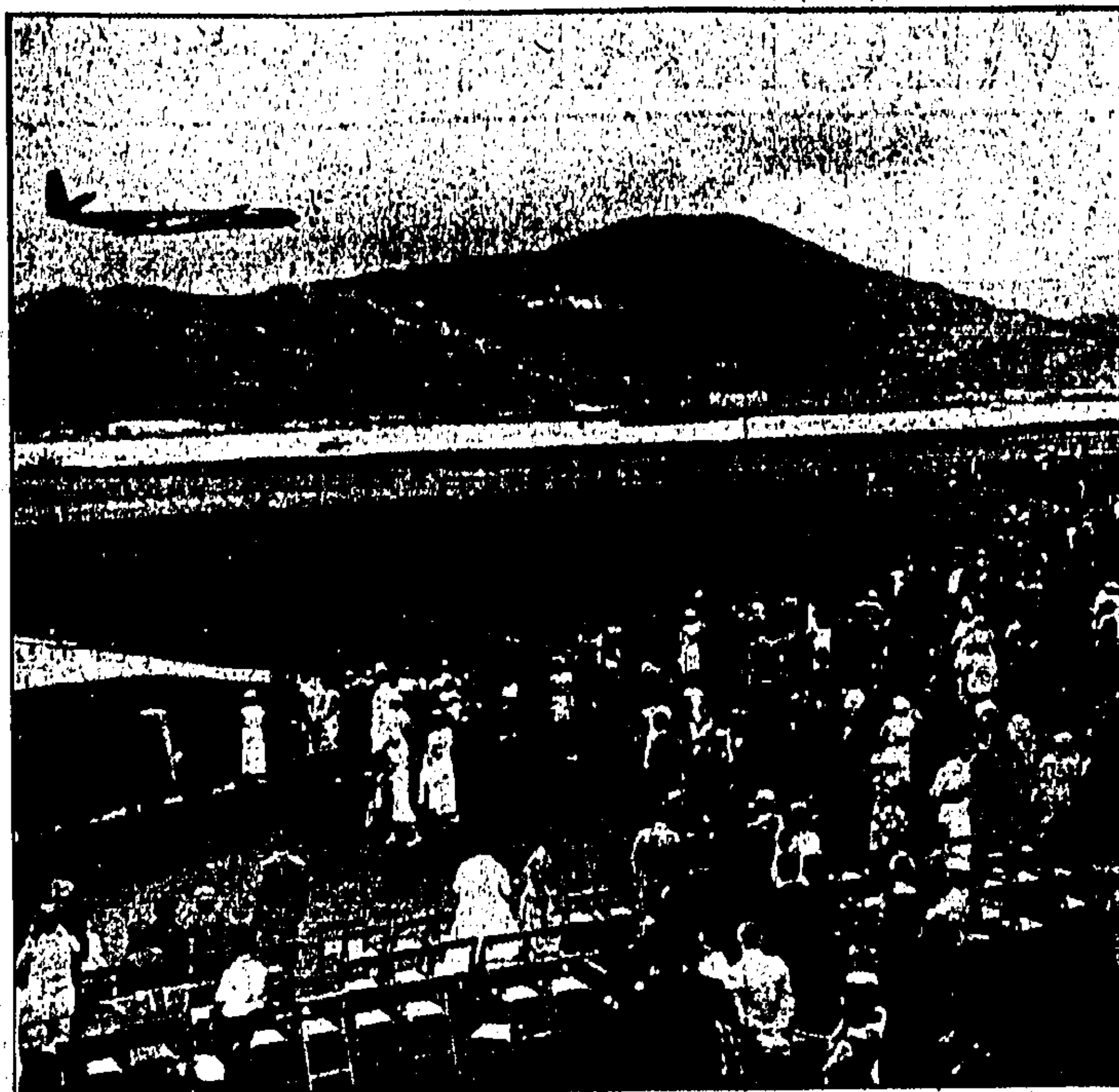


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HONGKONG'S new 8,350-foot runway, the first phase of a \$128 million international airport, was officially opened by H.E. the Governor, Sir Robert Black last Friday. Sir Robert, Lady Black and their daughters crossed the harbour in a helicopter, which flew through and broke a ribbon across the runway to declare it open. The Governor and his family are seen (right) stepping out of the helicopter at Kai Tak. In the picture on the left the Comet IV, Britain's pride, makes a pass at the runway thronged by guests and newsmen. Above is seen the runway itself taken by an official photographer from the air.



ABOVE: The Commissioner of Police, Mr A. C. Maxwell (centre), warned newspapers recently against publishing "misleading and inflammatory" reports on the forthcoming October 1 and Double Tenth celebrations. Seated on right is Mr J. L. Murray, Public Relations Officer, and Mr P. I. M. Irwin, Special Branch, is on the left.

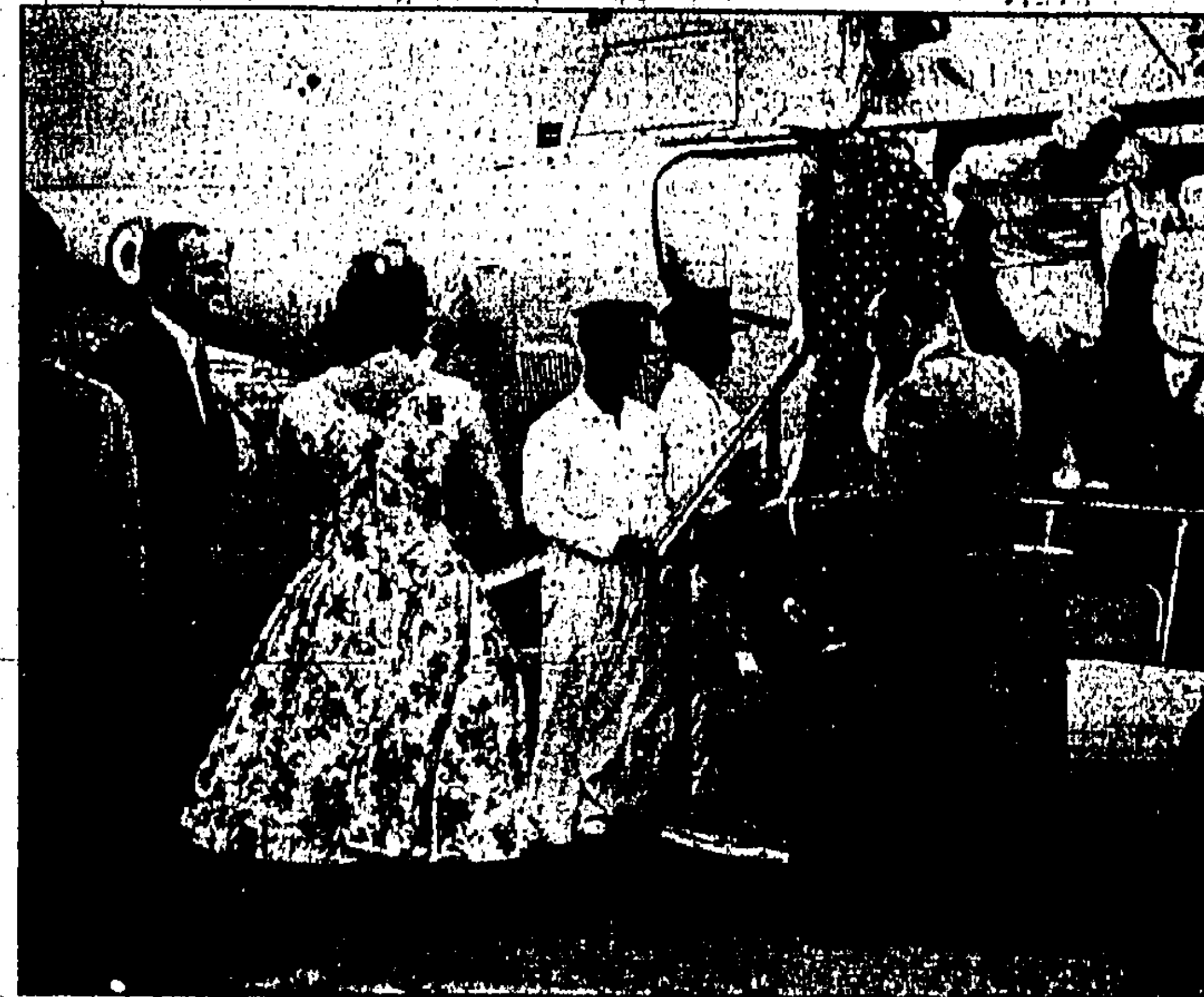


LEFT: Swami Sivananda Radha, a Canadian who has devoted her life to the study of yoga, chats with Mr Ma Man-fai during a lecture at the Hongkong United Nations Association this week.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Roy Sturgeon pose for the China Mail photographer shortly after their wedding at the Union Church, Hong Kong, last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Margaret Folles McIlveen.

★ ★ ★

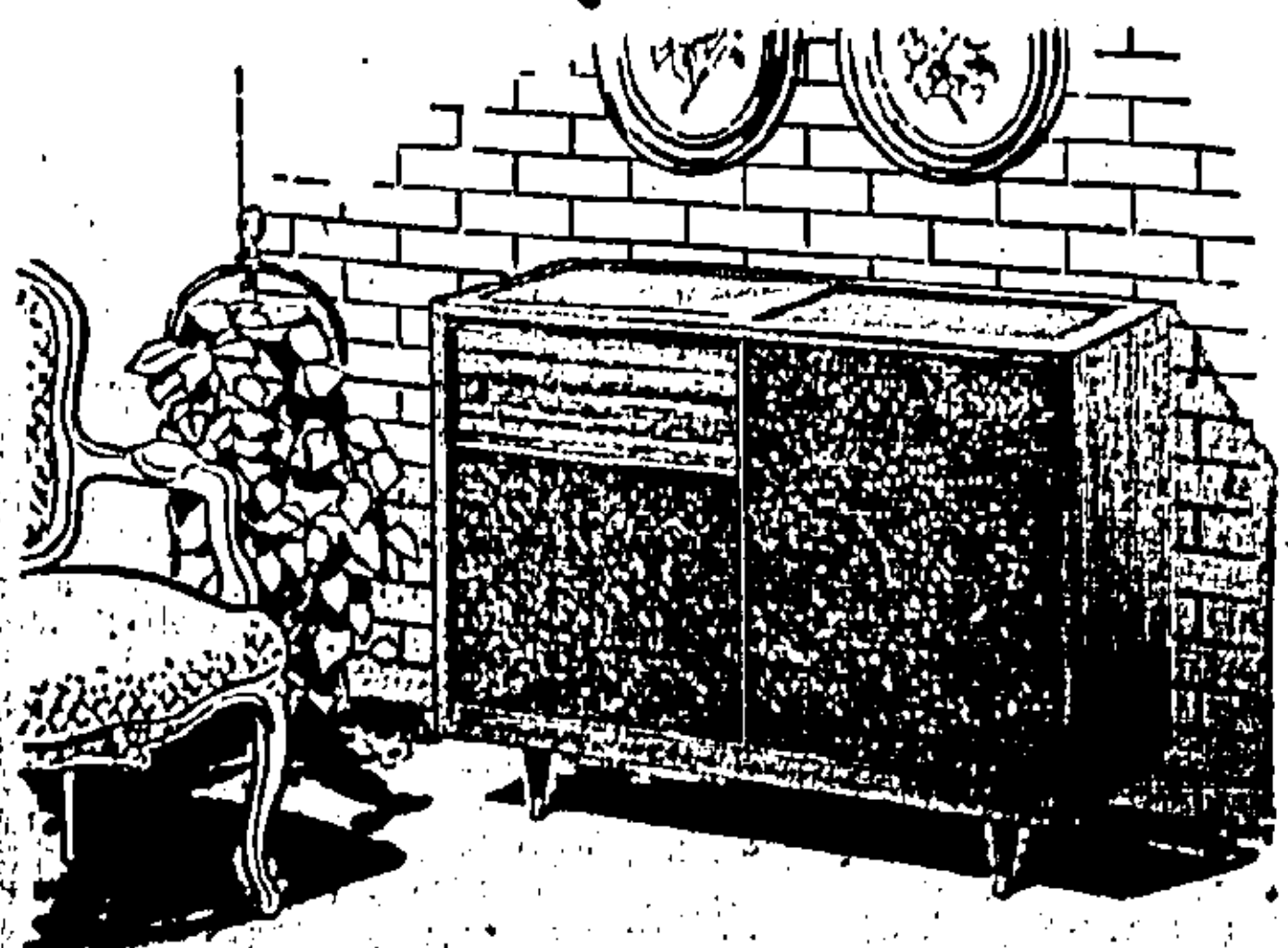


ABOVE: Mr F. T. Melwani and Miss R. Cator (in hat) distributed rice to one of some 600 needy people on the occasion of Cripples Day and the fifth anniversary of the Hindu Temple, last week.

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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

A Woman's Most-Prized Possession... The Tin Opener

## THAT COMPLEX DIES—NEW MEALS ARE BORN

by Joy Matthews

OUT of a tin and you were out. The bad wife, the rotten cook, the blustering bachelor, the blushing bride—these were the people who turned to tins. And they were looked down on.

A woman's best friend may be a tin opener in 1958, but in 1938 it was a treacherous friend indeed. It was linked with laziness, slovenliness, ignorance, and downright bad cooking.

What is the result of this attitude towards tins? It is simple enough. The woman with a tin opener began to get the biggest "guilt" complex of the century.

If she gave her husband baked beans she was sure that he would turn to a woman who would give him roast beef. The magazines said so. The statistics proved it. Her mother warned her.

You may have been obliged to spend all morning boiling down bones, slicing vegetables, chopping onions, and simmering a bowl of soup. You may have been utterly exhausted by the time your husband came home, but your martyrdom was going to be worth it.

The way to a man's heart was through his stomach—and he was jolly touchy about his stomach being opened up with a tin opener. He hardened his heart.

### NEW HABIT

THE war changed all that. When people couldn't get anything else but tinned food they were converted to it for good. They found that you could cook with cans—sometimes even better than with fresh food.

The head buyer of the first grocer's store to stock tins—established 150 years ago in Piccadilly told me:—

"The whole business of cooking has changed today. People

who once wouldn't look at a tin of soup now buy hundreds a year.

"And, of course, so many more people go abroad for their holidays. When they come home they want to make the delicious French or Italian or Spanish dishes they eat on their holidays, and they find they can only get some of the things in tins."

The vague for cooking with tinned food or mixing tins has spread enormously. Women today feel that if they just open the tin, toss it into a saucepan, and leave it at that, they aren't doing their job properly.

### MIXING IT

ONE big canning company has based its whole sales campaign on the fact that women like to do something themselves. "One reason we decided on this approach is that the canning people discovered an extraordinary thing," said an executive of his firm.

"If they put all their mixes in one packet, women felt that they were not doing anything towards baking the cake. If they had two or three different mixes—say one for the flour and the chocolate, the other for the egg and, so on—then women felt they were cooking. If they were told to add a fresh egg as well that put up sales immediately."

"We now give some 200 recipes using tinned foods every year, each having only one tinned ingredient to seven fresh. Yet we find that these recipes are a strong indication on the entirely different attitude of women towards canned foods is that they now give them to their babies. Another executive in the same company told me: "Even five years ago women felt they

couldn't give baby tinned foods. Such foods might be all right for them—but baby must have the best. So they spent hours putting spinach and, even worse, carrots through a sieve."

"Now the figures are fantastic. In America they sell 250 tins of sieved baby food per baby a year. That seems to settle the business of whether canned foods are good or not."

It certainly does. In this country 40 per cent of all expenditure on food is on canned and bottled foods.

Mrs Vivien Sewell, who holds the Cordon Bleu diploma for cookery, told me that even the Cordon Bleu now advise their pupils to use tinned foods, especially when certain vegetables and fruits and meats are out of season or unobtainable.

"For example, they told me to make least tomato soup by using one tin of tomato juice, a tin of chicken broth, one onion, a stick of celery, cloves, pepper, corn, and a bayleaf."

"You just simmer them all together for 20 minutes, strain

and chill. Then you serve it garnished with slices of lemon. It is absolutely delicious, and I often use it for dinner parties."

### FROM SPAIN

ANOTHER recipe she gave me is for the Spanish dish Paella, made with tins of crawfish, shrimps, crab meat, mussels, and tinned chicken.

Boil half a pound of rice in one pint of stock, chopped onion, garlic and peeled tomatoes. Add the pieces of fish and chicken and cook for half an hour in the oven with seasoning and a pinch of saffron.

It is a far cry from the days when a bad wife gave her husband a tin of soup and waited for him to pull a face. In fact, you can say today that instead of "Out of a tin you are out," it is "Out of a tin you are in."

## EXHIBITION TIME

by Hazel Meyrick

I MADE the mistake of arriving at London's annual Food Fair at lunchtime. Every family in town it seemed, had decided to take their mid-day meal that day in the form of give-away snacks. I could hardly get inside the door.

The food samples were not so much "given away" as snatched from the hands of grim-faced demonstrators. Competition was keen, with grown-ups grabbing anything from jellied prawns to cold soup, and children rushing around collecting advertising leaflets (what do they do with them, I wonder?).

It took a stamina stronger than mine to join in. So, politely refusing a free sample of cat-food, I retreated to the calm of the continental kitchens where they weren't giving away food but cooking it.

This year's international kitchen section included an exhibit from Ghana, with a Ghanaian girl whipping up savoury meals from cocoyams, cassava and other tropical delicacies. Two of the most popular

kitchens were those of Pakistan and Portugal—partly because of the colourful clothes and personalities of the demonstrators, but also because of the appetising food on display.

By contrast, the British kitchen was, alas, a dull affair. Where the other countries had loaded their kitchen table with a selection of beautifully decorated national dishes, the British table sported a slab of uncooked stewing steak and a blood-stained knife, a packet of margarine and a bag of flour.

The Australian kitchen had some interesting foods on display, but the demonstrators had some trouble with the cooked kangaroo tail. The children would keep poking it!

For the first time there were Chinese foods on sale, and an enterprising stall nearby sold chopsticks to go with them.

Armed with a heap of fascinating literature (did you know that President Eisenhower is passionately fond of kippers?) I went on to a trade fair next door dealing with kitchen appliances.

The star of this particular show is a new "baby" washing-machine designed for the smaller home or flat. It has a toughened rubber tub, and no apparent moving parts. It washes with an Elvies Presley-like motion which shakes the water and clothes.

This mighty midge takes 4 lbs of dry fabric, is less than 2 ft high, and slows away easily into the cupboard under the sink. I'd say it was ideal for the young couple with a baby, or the bachelor girl who wants to wash out lingerie, for the laundering process is kinder to clothes than that of most washing machines.

The clothes can't become entangled or frayed. And the makers claim that it threads woollens fairly and gently. Added to that, it must be one of the cheapest washing machines on the market. The price of 26 guineas includes a pump for filling and emptying the machine.

I was fascinated, as I always am, by the garbage disposal unit which fits under the sink and eats any kitchen rubbish except string. And this, I was gravely assured, was only because it bit, rather than chewed.

Looking like an oversized vacuum jug, the waste disposal unit is still too expensive to tempt me, but prices are coming down.

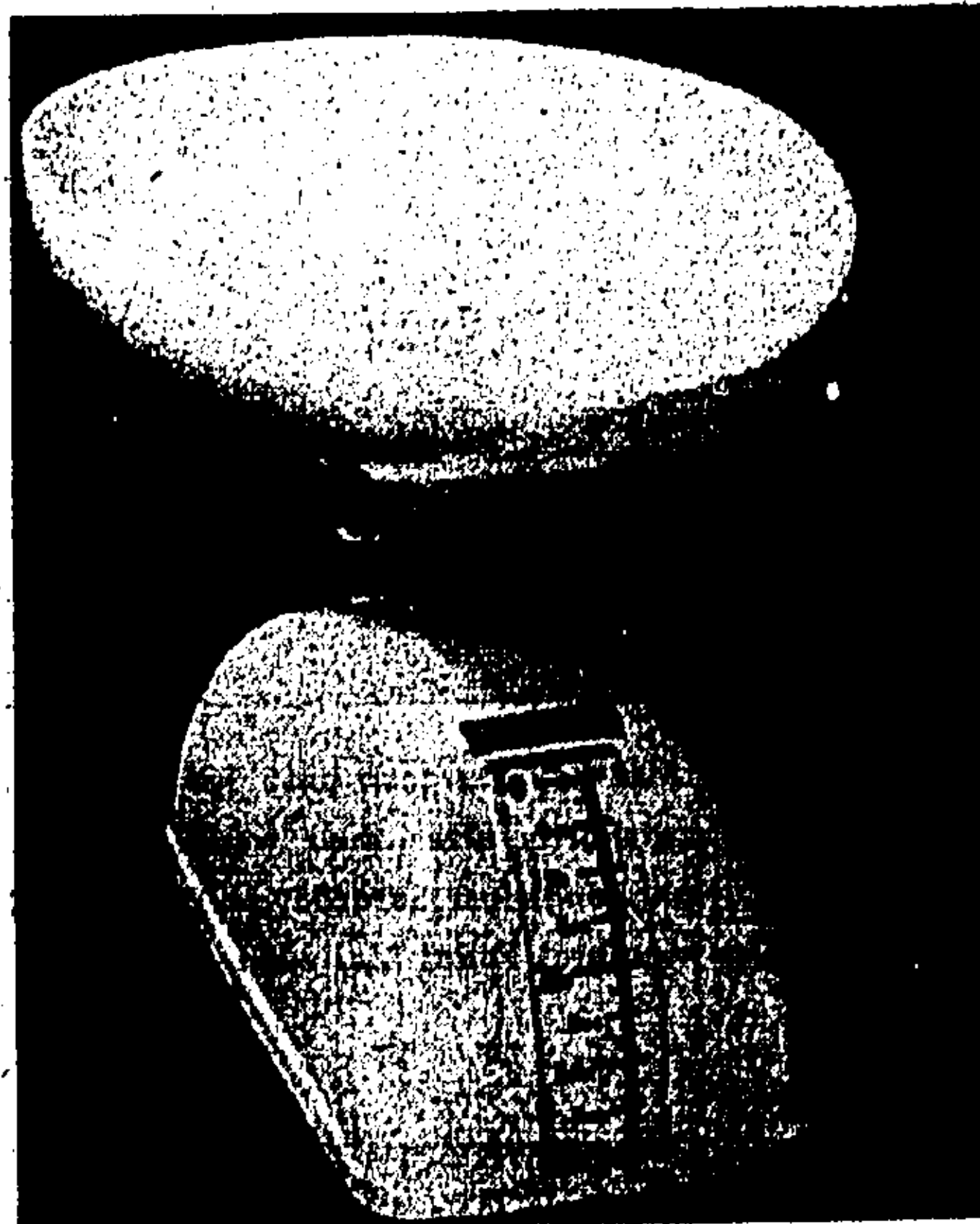
"Just supposing," I asked the salesman, "someone dropped a set of false teeth into this thing by mistake, or even worse, a diamond ring."

"You can stop the machine instantly, madam, and retrieve the object," I was assured. But that gaping aperture where the sink strainer usually sits still unnerves me a little.

Just when I thought that they couldn't invent any more gadgets, a new crop has arrived on the scene. For barbecue fans there is a contraption looking very much like a beer tankard—which will grill a chicken in 20 minutes. The latest version of the iron cooking pot is pastel oven-ware made from glass fused on steel. You can now choose a pale pink saucepan and put it in the oven without any ill effect.

This year's versions of oven-proof glassware come in attractive new designs. There is one splashed with daisies, another patterned with spots.

If all these new, gaily decorated cooking utensils tempt you to do more baking, the day is in sight when everyone will be able to afford a dishwasher to clean up afterwards. One well-known firm has slashed the price of their model by thirty guineas, and the salesman assures me it is only a matter of time and sufficient demand before the prices come down still more.



From John Harper, this new-style set of scales has a capacious measuring bowl and an easy-to-read dial.



This wide-straddling mincer by John Harper does not need to be clamped to a table. Its wide base keeps it steady while you turn the handle.

## YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

BORN today, you are essentially an individualist. You do as you please about things and care very little what anyone says about it—or, for that matter, about you.

You are alert and have a progressive point of view. You are quick to see a new approach to a problem and will grasp it immediately. You are always doing the unexpected and coming out successfully. You are adventuresome and will take a risk to advance your position, rather than sit back and wait for things to come to you more slowly.

Because of this, your life may be full of movement and excitement. There will probably be alternating cycles of good and ill fortune and you must learn to lie low when the tide is running against you. No waste of energies just to make a splash. This will be the most difficult lesson for you to learn, not to waste energy. You have tremendous stores of mental and physical vitality, but if you are a spendthrift, there could come a time when you will have to take a prolonged rest to recoup.

You women have a great deal of personal charm and are attractive to members of the opposite sex. You have good minds, but are inclined to use them! You think beauty is its own reward. There used to be a time when a pretty girl could be "dumb" and get away with it. These days, brains as well as beauty count.

You are essentially a home-maker and will be happiest if you wed while quite young and have a family of your own growing up around you. This will be your best role in life and the one which will give you the most happiness.

Among those born on this date were: Upton Sinclair, reformer and author; Charles Carroll, signer of the Declaration of Independence; George Bird Grinnell, editor and author; Elliott Nugent, actor, director and dramatist; Laurence Clark Seelye, first president of Smith College; and Henry Arthur Jones, dramatist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A fine day for research projects to show rewarding results. You can achieve a goal long desired, now.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Postpone an important family conference until later on in the month. Conditions will be then be improved.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If you have money owing you, this is a day when you should make a serious effort to collect it.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If seeking a new job, this could be the day that you find exactly what you want. Go after it.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Take the lead in some project which is important to your future welfare and happiness.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Handle real estate matters wisely. This can be your day to make a real profit on a property sale.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—You seem to have the green light in all business matters. Get in the driver's seat and drive!

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If you have dealings with officials, all should go well. Get what you want on the terms you request, too.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—Business, in general, is good, and you should profit by the overall trend. See that you get your full share.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—Handle home problems wisely and tactfully. It is your chance to be peacemaker on the domestic front.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 21)—If you are redecorating at home, this is the time to decide on colours, patterns, materials, etc.

**LEO** (July 22-Aug. 23)—Be constructive in all your criticism. Don't find fault unless you can offer a better solution.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

BORN today, you have ambition, enthusiasm and the energy to carry through your ideas to a successful completion. Your one difficulty may be that you are inclined to have too many irons in the fire at one time.

You love to get a new idea moving. Once started, you tend to lose interest in the details of its accomplishment and will then look around for something else to catch your interest. Little by little, you build up a back-log of unfinished work that would burden an ox! Then, since you are so much the perfectionist that you don't want others messing up your ideas, you will work like a demon to finish everything on time.

You must learn to do one of two things: either start one thing at a time and finish it to your complete satisfaction and then go on to the next project, or cultivate more executive powers, delegate the detail work and save your own strength for the initial planning. Your fortune seems to run in alternating cycles. A fortunate day should be one in the second week of October, each year! Your intuitions are exceptionally keen—at times, almost psychic. Learn to pay attention to these "hunches" and act on them.

Literature and the creative arts are your fields in which you will be happiest and in which you should reach the best success.

Extremely affectionate, you are willing to make any kind of personal sacrifice for those you love. You are home-loving, and you women will make excellent home-makers, wives and mothers.

Among those born on this date were: H. G. Wells, author and historian; Sir Edmund William Gosse, noted critic; Herman Bernstein, author and dramatist; Henry Lewis Silson, statesman; and Louis Joldé, explorer of the Mississippi valley.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Don't fret if things go slowly. This is a day to start a new project that may take a long time to complete.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Not the right day to take legal steps in a matter under dispute. Try to arbitrate the problem, first.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Keep an eye out for business profits. You should be getting your full share of the upturn today.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Industrial projects have the green light today. Make sure you are on the right road for profits.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—There may be financial problems, but if you are astute, you can easily solve them in your favour.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Show in the arts and professions should anticipate a good day. A new idea shows promise.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—The road to romance may not be smooth today. Avert a misunderstanding by being tactful and diplomatic.

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If you have been neglecting your studies lately, turn over a new leaf and decide to do more studying.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—Keep an eye out for business profits. You should be getting your full share of the upturn today.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—Give someone some good advice, but don't get mixed up in it. You should be followed at once. It will be soon!

**CANCER** (June 22-July 21)—Money owing you should come to you now. It may be an unexpected windfall, but you had given up collecting it.

**LEO** (July 22-Aug. 23)—Beware arguments with your better half. Hot tempers could cause trouble. Better cool off before answering!



# Such puny rewards —but Miss Syms isn't grumbling

By PETER BUCHAN

HOW much does a film actress really earn? When she goes to a premiere dripping with jewels and wrapped in sable, how much has she got in her purse?

Consider the case of Miss Sylvia Syms. At 24 Miss Syms could reasonably be supposed to have hit the box-office jackpot.

She was a success in the Anna Neagle film *My Teenage Daughter*—although the film was unkindly re-named *My Stone-Age Mother*.

She was a tremendous hit in *Woman in a Dressing Gown*.

## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Bridge Axiom: Never Be Amazed

By OSWALD JACOBY

THE longer I play bridge the less I refuse to be surprised by anything that happens. South should have passed two no-trump, but he bid three on his stout heart and minimum 15 points.

West opened the five of diamonds. Dummy's nine forced East's ace and a diamond came back. As anyone can see, South has no play for three no-trump. He has lost one diamond and must lose at least three more diamonds and the ace of hearts. Now see what did happen!

The four of hearts was played from dummy. East played the

NORTH		0	
♠ A J 7 6			
♥ 8 6 4			
♦ K Q			
♣ 10 8 3 2			
WEST		EAST	
♠ Q 5 3		♠ 10 8 4 2	
♥ J 5 2		♥ A 10 7	
♦ Q 10 8 5 4		♦ A 7 2	
♣ Q 5		♣ J 9 4	
SOUTH (D)			
♠ K 8			
♥ K Q 9 3			
♦ A J 3			
♣ A K 7 6			
No one vulnerable			
South	West	North	East
1 N.T.	Pass	2 ♣	Pass
2 ♥	Pass	2 N.T.	Pass
3 N.T.	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♦ 5			

seven and South the queen. Now South led his jack of diamonds and West cashed his three diamond tricks.

Three clubs were discarded from dummy and a diamond led. East found himself in trouble. He wished he had taken his ace of hearts or at least played the seven spot so he could complete a signal with the deuce. Anyway, East's wish did him no good. He let two clubs go and West made the mistake of leading a club.

Now South cashed his three clubs and East had to let a spade go in order to hang on to the ace of hearts. Now all South had to do was play his king and eight of spades and the dummy's jack. All four spades were good and the contract was made.

## CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been:  
North East South West  
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass  
2 ♠ Pass 2 ♠ Pass  
3 N.T. Pass

You South hold:  
♠ A Q 6 5 4 3 2 ♠ Q 2 4 3 7 6

What do you do?

A—Pass. Your partner has heard your jump raise in spades.

TODAY'S QUESTION

You hold the same hand and have responded one heart to your partner's diamond opening. He has rebid to two no-trump. What do you do now?

Answer Monday



TYRONE POWER—"a charmer"

# How to be a charmer after 40...



ROSSANO BRAZZI—"a technique"

## POWER AND BRAZZI DISCUSS WOMEN, MARRIAGE AND MONEY

MR TYRONE POWER and Mr Rossano Brazzi have one or two things in common: grey hair, lines under the eyes and an appeal for women that is sometimes embarrassingly efficacious.

Both have been obliged to become masters of the diplomatic brush-off: they have had to learn how to cope with strange and voracious ladies who—assuming the initiative usually—considered the prerogative of the male—appear uninvited in their hotel suites.

Mr Power has found himself in this situation only once; and he was so put out by the experience that he now insists on being chaperoned when strange women purporting to be journalists or agents or producers seek private interviews with him.

### The pursuer

Mr Brazzi, being an Italian, is less cautious. "To me," he said, "this has happened dozens of times. Always it happens. In every country I visit. But I can manage women."

"It is a matter of know-how. I have a technique to deal with these situations—which saves their face and mine."

"I say: 'But my dear, you are so beautiful that if only I had seen you I would have insisted that you have supper with me. But since you insist to invite yourself, I must leave interested. A man must be the pursuer—not the pursued.'"

This line, Mr Brazzi claims, always works: I pass it on to Mr Power for future reference. Apart from such trials, these middle-aged charmers seem to have it pretty easy: far from withering them, age has en-

hanced their looks and increased their earning power.

Mr Power, who is now 44, said:

"I was recently shown some photographs of myself which had been touched up. All the lines of my face and the wrinkles around my eyes had been taken out."

"I called the publicity chief and told him: 'See that this never happens again. It has taken me many years and a great deal of effort to acquire these lines. I have worked hard and long to get them. Now I want to see them. Don't you dare take them out!'"

Mr Brazzi, who is now 41, said:

"When I was a young man I was never so successful. I had too much of a beautiful face. I always had the grey hair. But I used to dye it because I think it is better to look young. Then I forgot to dye my hair—and suddenly I am the success."

"I appear now in films always without any make-up—to show all my lines. Women, they like to see on the face of a man the signs of all his experience. My face now reflects much better what I have inside."

"Always people have said about me: 'My God, how handsome he is! I do not believe it! I swear to you I never think I am handsome. I am not at all vain. When I shave myself in the mornings, I close my eyes.'"

Mr Power said: "I have been seeing some of my old films on TV. I tell you, it is an absolutely ice-curling experience. The vacuity of expression that I had! And I obviously thought I was acting up a storm."

### On shapes

"It is a testimony to the patience of my dietitian that I survived. Nobody could imagine that anyone could be as young as I was."

Though Mr Power and Mr Brazzi have the same attitude to masculine beauty, they differ in their appreciation of the female.

Mr Power has been married three times, on each occasion to women of outstanding attractiveness. Between mar-

riages, in his bachelor phases, he has also shown a notable preference for women of a pleasing shape.

Mr Brazzi, by contrast, has been married to the same woman for 19 years, whose shape has always pleased him, though it has sometimes weighed more than 16st.

Mr Brazzi said: "Beauty in a wife—it means nothing. You get used to beauty. After a certain time, you don't see anything."

"You think that Arthur Miller when he looks at his wife always thinks: she is the most beautiful girl in the world? I tell you, if she would be 200lb, he would not notice the difference."

### That alimony

"After my wife and I have been married several years, she tells me: 'I have to buy some new dresses. I have put on a little weight. I say: How much? and she says: 'Oh, 10lb. I swear to you, I had not noticed.'"

"In a wife beauty is of no importance: what matters is intelligence, charm, devotion. If I were ever to divorce my wife, it would be the saddest day of my life."

This form of sadness Mr Power has already had to cope with—twice. His marriages to actresses Annabella and Linda Christian were both dissolved. To add to his sadness, he has had to pay out large sums of money in alimony.

Miss Christian claims that she got a settlement from him of 1,000,000 dollars, which Mr Power says is wishful thinking on her part, but "it's a nice round figure" and he will not spoil the story by naming the actual sum.

Mr Power said: "Of course, none of us could ever afford to get divorced if it were not for the fact that alimony is tax-deductible."

"If you have to pay out 50,000 dollars a year to a former wife, it means that in actual cash you pay about 5,000 dollars."

I pointed out that as wives of film stars sometimes spent more than 50,000 dollars a year (which is not deductible) it was

## 'OKLAHOMA!'. 'SOUTH PACIFIC'. 'THE KING AND I'

# At work again—Rodgers and Hammerstein!

IN the coming season there are no fewer than 17 musicals competing for production on Broadway. There is no doubt which of them is awaited with most interest—it is "The Flower Drum Song," the latest product of the Rodgers and Hammerstein stable.

The question it poses is: can the golden partnership, which turned out "Oklahoma!", "South Pacific," and "The King and I," do it again?

It is seven years since they wrote "The King and I," their last big hit. Since then they have found success elusive.

There were two failures, "Me and Juliet" and "Allegro." Then came "Pipe Dream"—which was booked to capacity for 21 weeks before it opened, but got cool notices and folded after seven months.

Both men have been seriously ill. Rodgers had cancer, and by making no secret of it helped other people to face it with the same courage and hope he showed himself.

### CHINATOWN

Oscar Hammerstein (nickname "Ock") is recovering from a major operation earlier this summer. At present Rodgers is the flower man of the two. For all this, nobody is showing business here is participating

failure for "The Flower Drum Song," a story of San Francisco's Chinatown based on a successful first novel by a Chinese-American newspaperman, Chin Y. Lee. Richard Rodgers told me today: "It's the story of a very conservative Chinese family and the impact on them of life in the West."

The musical, which is due to open in three months, is far from finished yet. But both men have disappeared from their New York apartments to the country to go to work.

They have developed their own highly personal way of getting a new show on the road, for a year—despite illness—they have muddled over the staging of "The Flower Drum Song."

Hammerstein leads off by writing the lyrics. Sometimes even a few lines take him weeks before he is satisfied.

He works on his cattle farm, writing about as he thinks. For all this, nobody is showing business here is participating

Then Rodgers takes over and composes the music. He works incredibly fast, largely, he says, because he is already so familiar with his partner's ideas. He finished out the score for "Oklahoma!" in six days.

### BOOKING NOW

The new show will bring Gene Kelly back to Broadway after 14 years' absence—as director. The star part goes to a Japanese actress, Miyoshi Umeki—who played opposite Brando in "Sayonara."

"The Flower Drum Song" has no Mary Martin or Gentle Lawrence to boost it. But such is the magic of the Rodgers-Hammerstein label that people are already bidding the advance booking office.

All Broadway expects the Gilbert and Sullivan of the modern theatre to have another hit ready by opening night.

John Thompson

# THIS is the Gin



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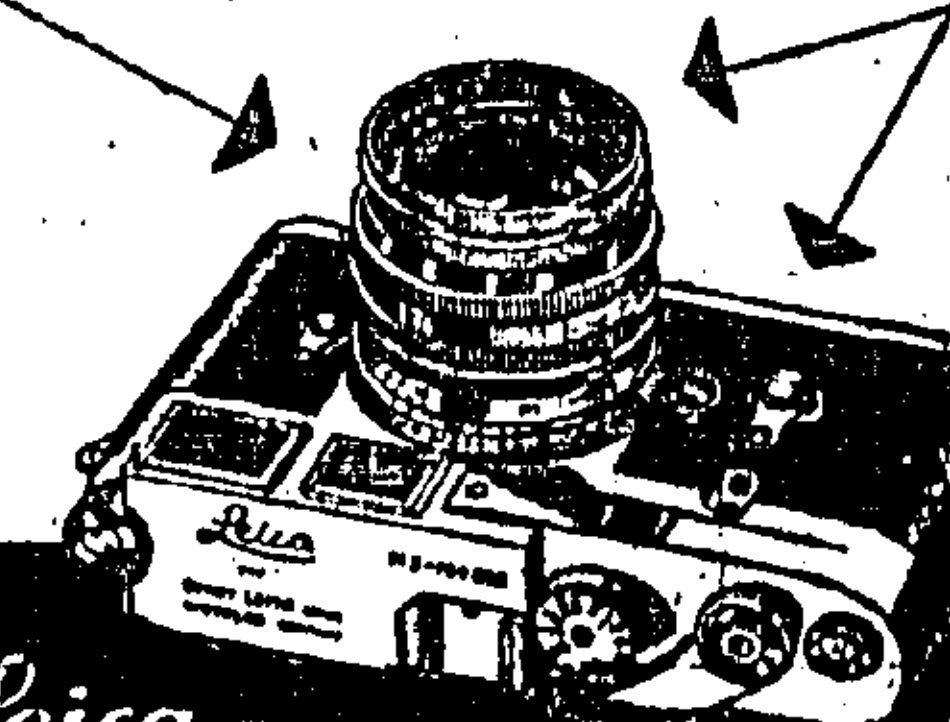
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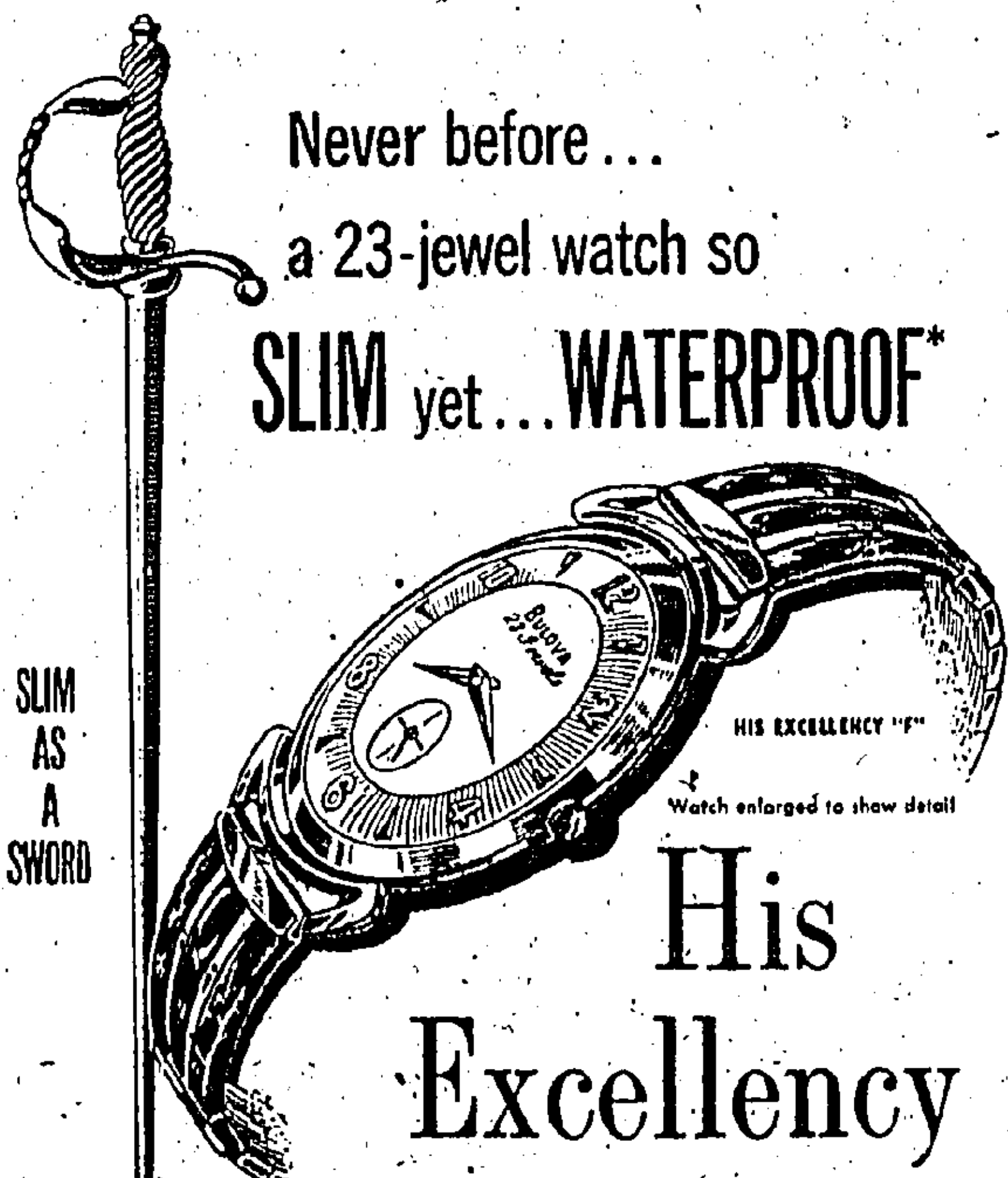


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by BULOVA

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With distinguished tapered edge styling and bold, brilliant dial! The shock resistant, precision-adjusted movement houses 23 working jewels... is powered by an unbreakable lifetime mainspring! Wear "His Excellency"!



## NO REVOLVERS, GENTLEMEN, SAID THE EMPIRE MAN

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

FIGURES IN EBONY. By Raymond Tong, Cassell, 16s.

ANYBODY who tries to find a coherent pattern in the building of the British Empire has his work cut out for him.

Anybody who supposes that its builders were inspired by a single-minded passion for enlarging the area on the map coloured red is taking far too simple a view.

By accident, by mistake, through the zeal of one local officer, or the imprudence of another—so were the Empire's frontiers pushed outwards and the home government, often to its dismay, found that it had become responsible for a little more of the earth's surface.

Take the case of Benin, in Nigeria, once a Negro kingdom.

Its ruler, the Oba, had, like some other African kings, a partially for human sacrifice. Sir Richard Burton, explorer and translator of The Arabian Nights, took a charitable view of the practice.

Asked why another African king did not abolish the custom, Burton exploded: "After the custom! Would you have the Archbishop of Canterbury alter the Liturgy?"

### Borders shut

Not all British officials took this tolerant view.

In 1892, one of them persuaded the Oba of Benin to abolish the practice. The Oba then regretted his decision and shut the borders of his kingdom to Europeans. The ban was ignored by Consul-General Phillips.

This resolute, if ill-advised, Englishman brushed aside the Oba's explanation that, during an important religious festival, he could not be seen by strangers.

Phillips and eight other white men were ambushed. "No revolvers, gentlemen," said Phillips sternly to his companions.

Their monument can be seen to this day.

After this, Britain lumbered into punitive action. Benin was captured. Ghostly relics of hundreds of human sacrifices were found. Crucifixions were frequent. This form of execu-

tion was all that was left of a century of Portuguese missionary work.

"It's just about time," said one of the British sailors in the punitive force, "somebody did visit this place!"

The British Empire visited Benin and there, to this day, it remains. Where the war-god's shrine stood, soaked with blood, is now the provincial education office.

### Uneasy magic

Benin, with its appalling, very recent past, exercised a spell over Raymond Tong, who spent four years there in the Education Service. He has tried to pass on the uneasy magic in the pages of this inexact but sincere little book.

His readers will be left with an uneasiness of their own. The bloody, pre-British past may seem remote. And the present Oba of Benin has cut down the royal harem to eight wives.

But in the palace of an intelligent Benin chief Mr. Tong saw a little shrine on which someone had recently sacrificed a cock.

After 50 years of earnest British effort, what will Benin finally absorb of democracy and other products of our civilisation?

### A TREASURE

A CONCISE HISTORY OF ART. By Germain Bazin. Thames and Hudson, 35s.

HERE is treasure indeed! A history of art which is concise without being indigestible, which has a great many illustrations, yet none of them imposes too great a strain on the eye-sight.

In fact, it may be said that clever M. Bazin, who is Director of the Louvre, has written an account of man's plastic expression of his feelings which is selective enough to appear complete. It is unusually readable as well as easy to look at.

(London Express Service).

## THE BOOK PAGE

# When Gordon unleashed a terror on London

By

Roger Fulford

KING MOB. The Story of Lord George Gordon and the Riots of 1780. By Christopher Hibbert. Longmans, 21s.

WHETHER it was worse to live through the air-raids of 1940 or the Gordon Riots of 1780 is a debatable point.

To modern tastes a roaring crowd, bent on arson, may seem rather tame, but the vulnerability of London to fire (and our forbear's terror of it) suggest that the panic of Londoners during those warm and fortunately windless nights of June 100 years ago was by no means misplaced.

Mr Christopher Hibbert, wearing his learning lightly, has given us an account of the Riots which is capital; it is also exciting and completely satisfying.

First he shows us how a fanatic—or a maniac—in a responsible position was able to work on the traditional English hatred of the Roman Church.

Lord George Gordon, Member of Parliament for a Wiltshire constituency, with the fervour of a devil, scoured the English towns both in and out of Parliament after some trifling concessions were made to the Catholics in 1778.

### HAT PIECES

His Protestant following marched to the House of Commons on June 2, 1780, and insisted, and indeed members of both Houses of Parliament, they opened the door of the Prime Minister's house and seized his hat off his head; they then cut it up and sold the pieces for a shilling each.

But Lord George had put the match to a far larger bonfire than he imagined. For Mr Hibbert shows us that from then on a very different type took charge: for several nights London was at the mercy of a low-mob, far more dangerous than the blue-ribboned Protestants or Lord George.

They were the embittered members of the labouring classes, who had probably hardly ever been inside a church and would not have detected the

difference between Holy Communion and High Mass.

Mr Hibbert makes the good point that they were probably stirred by anti-Irish feeling.

### 'WAGE-CUTTERS'

The worst of the rioting started in Moorfields where many Irish labourers lodged and English working men resented them as "wage-cutting black-legs."

Prostitutes and boys—an observer noted that a large part of the rabble was made up of boys in their mid-teens—joined the fun.

Night after night, chapels, private houses and the great prisons flamed to the heavens

till the night sky seemed "like blood."

The worst night, which has been immortalised by Dickens's prose and Phil's pencil, was when the mob sacked the distillery opposite St. Andrew's Church on Holborn Hill.

Immense stacks of unrefined spirit were burst open and their contents—capable at once of fuddling the brain and poisoning the system—were lapped up by the rioters.

Mr Hibbert properly reminds us that although King George III may have lost us America he saved London. With famous words "there is one magistrate who will do his duty," he took over from the craven bumbles at the Mansion House and gave the necessary orders to the soldiers.

He deserves gratitude for saving the most peaceful of us would agree with the Lord Chief Justice, whose own splendid house was gutted when he said that it was "the highest humanity to check the infancy of tumults."

(London Express Service).

## FICTION SHELF

By JOHN WATERMAN

THE DEVIL AT FOUR O'CLOCK. By Max Catto. Heinemann, 15s. Before the Pacific island of Taluha blows itself out of the sea everybody leaves—except a stubborn Irish priest and three criminals he has persuaded to help bring leper children and hospital staff down the volcano side.

In a hellish race between human endurance and rivers of molten lava, they escape death. Excitement moves like the spark on a dynamite fuse to an explosive climax.

HUSBAND FOR VICTORIA. By Vaughan Wilkins. Cape, 15s.

Victoria announced her betrothal to Albert of Saxony. Coburg Gotha there were rumours that his parentage was not what it seemed, and this would make him an unsuitable husband for the English Queen.

On this basis Vaughan Wilkins founds his well-told story of a plot to stop the marriage and give the throne to Victoria's wicked uncle. For those who like no perceptible barrier between fiction and history here is a rich slice of 19th-century cake.

THE CONFESSION. By Mario Sola. Deutsch, 11s. 6d.

Translation by Raymond Rosenthal of Italian novel concerning 14-year-old boy who is to be a Jesuit priest when he grows up. But he is disconcerted by the physical business of growing up. He confesses to Father Genovesi who decides to reserve him for the Church by sending him off to a convent.

THESESSA'S CHOICE. By Rachel Cecil. Constable, 15s.

Bloomsbury and Mayfair girl of 30 years ago takes 370 pages to make her choice, between a middle-class doctor, upper-middle-class artist and end, and aristocrat of impeccable U. certificate and vaguely cultural occupation. This first novel by the wife of Lord David Cecil makes a fresh but solemn survey of a landscape over which Nancy Mitford exercises manorial rights.

(London Express Service).

## THE HICK WHO CAME BACK...

A SUMMER PLACE. Sloan Wilson. Cassell, 16s.

THE summer place in the question is an island off the coast of Maine, the jealous preserve of a dozen wealthy families.

At least, that was how it was when Ken Jorgenson, a poor, clever, ambitious youth employed by the Islanders as a swimming instructor, first knew it. He was enormously impressed by it all.

Ken fell in love with Sylvia Raymond and she would have done with him if she had not realised that to do so would have made her a figure of fun.

Instead, she treated him as a figure of fun and married Bart Hunter, the grandest young man of them all.

But the Hunters lost their money, Bart turned the summer place into a hotel and became an alcoholic, and the beautiful Sylvia became a drudge.

### Mechanical plot

Ken, on the other hand, became a millionaire, and what should he do then but come to the island in his hired yacht and put up at the hotel with Helen, his frigid wife, and Molly, his teenage daughter.

You have guessed it: Ken has never forgotten Sylvia or she him, and they fall into each other's arms.

In the divorce actions that follow the sex-hating Helen is given the custody of Molly and the drunk Bart the custody of his and Sylvia's son John.

The boy and girl are in love with each other. Young as they are, can their love triumph over the tangled situation in which their parents exist? Will it?

Sloan Wilson believes in putting his characters through the emotional mangle. It would be more moving for the reader if the characters were more subtly drawn and the plot less mechanical.

Where A Summer Place succeeds is as a guide to the intricacies of American mobbery and the mysteries of the American class system.

WALTER ALLEN

(London Express Service).

## Teach me to dance said the King... AND ERIKA PLAYED VICTOR SILVESTER

By ROGER FULFORD

WITH A KING IN THE CLOUDS. By Erika Leuchtag. Hutchinson, 18s.

"HE was God. I have seen a light shining from his forehead." This verdict on King Tribhuvana of Nepal, who died in 1955, explains something of the devotion and simplicity of his secluded subjects, immured on the southern slopes of the Himalayas.

In 1949 Miss Erika Leuchtag, a physiotherapist, was asked to go to the Capital of Nepal—Kathmandu—to treat "a very highly-placed lady."

This was the Senior Queen, one of the King's two wives who was known as "Birdy" on account of her bright eyes. The Junior Queen was called "Dreamy."

At that time Miss Leuchtag was one of only a dozen Europeans in the country. The King was in all but name the prisoner of the ruling oligarchy, who had seized for themselves every vestige of political power.

The author writes briskly and gives us a most unusual and highly entertaining book.

From her first meeting she attracted the Queen's, their daughters and the King himself. The picture drawn of the King is fascinating.

### FIRST STEPS

He smoked "Lucky Strikes," inhaling the smoke through his clenched fist illustrating the Nepali dislike of anything touched by saliva.

After a very few visits from the author, the King asked her to teach him to dance, and to the tune of Victor Silvester's "Eg of My Heart," played on a gramophone, King Tribhuvana took his first steps in ballroom dancing. The lesson always ended in the same way; the King placed his hands before his face and said: "May I go now, please?"

He explained to her that his life was nothing but a juggle; his principal one was ordering goods from English or American catalogues—valises, underwear, stockings, cigarette lighters piled up in the palace. He filled his private cottage with endless gadgets—lamps, fires, hair-dryers and hideous electric clocks.

He once appeared wearing a garish American tie, ornamented with a half-naked blonde. In a chest of drawers he kept heaps of masks, false

teeth and wigs. "In these I steal away at night."

The reality of the King's captivity is implied by his showing the author his beautiful suite of rooms for photography. "My reception room," he said with pride, and then added: "But whom do I receive?"

And when he showed off a fine flock of writing paper he explained that the Royal Family were allowed the paper, but that the Government did not allow them to write letters.

In the following year he fled to India, and he was subsequently restored with more authority. He did not long survive.

The author recaptures something of the King's elusive charm, and we share her feelings when she heard by chance the news of his death over the wireless in her bed-sitting room in North London.

(London Express Service).

## ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET...

FOLLOW THE WHALE. By Ivan T. Sanderson. Cassell, 25s.

ELEPHANTS. By Richard Carrington. Chatto, 25s.

AT the age of nine Mr Ivan Sanderson wriggled through the main artery of a 70 ft. whale and seated himself inside its heart.

Such a bizarre experience, I imagine, must affect you powerfully in many of two ways: either you will be forever fascinated by whales or else you will never wish to see one again.

Mr Sanderson was fascinated and when you read some of the extraordinary facts in his book you are hardly surprised that he was.

Black right-whales, for example, have on their snouts an excrescence of horny skin about four inches long, studded with tunnelling parasitic worms and gorgonias with hanging barnacles, which is known to the whaler as its "bonnet."

### So skittish...

Humped-backed whales, when mating, become extremely skittish and loll side by side on the surface of the sea giving one another affectionate 10-ton slaps which can be heard for miles around.

The strength of whales is immense—a harpooned whale once towed a 60ft. twin-screw steam chaser-ship, running full steam for seven hours at eight knots.

Mr Sanderson's book, however, is not so much a study of whales as a detailed history of whaling. It is a story of increasingly efficient methods of butchery, the tools which have made an attempt to kill whales by dropping bombs on them.

As mammals, they are probably capable of as much suffering as a dog or a horse. I shudder to think of the pain and agony which modern chemistry would be devising methods of synthesising the oils and fats that whales possess in such abundance as that soon the slaughter which Mr Sanderson describes so vividly will no longer be necessary.

### Killings over?

Mr Richard Carrington has a happier story to tell about the largest of all living land animals, the elephant. He seems hopeful that over a greater part of Africa at least, the massacre of elephants wrought by big game hunters and ivory poachers has largely been stopped.

One popular belief has survived scientific probing. A German professor trained a five-year-old elephant to distinguish between one box marked with a square which contained food, and another marked with a circle, which was empty.

The elephant needed 330 trials before it grasped the distinction, but eventually it learned to tell the difference between 20 such pairs.

The professor repeated the test a year later with 15 of the same pairs. The elephant chose correctly in nearly every case thereby proving conclusively that at least one of the legendary characteristics of this splendid beast is true. It never forgets.

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH

(London Express Service).

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

### The Old Home Town

### By Harry Weinert



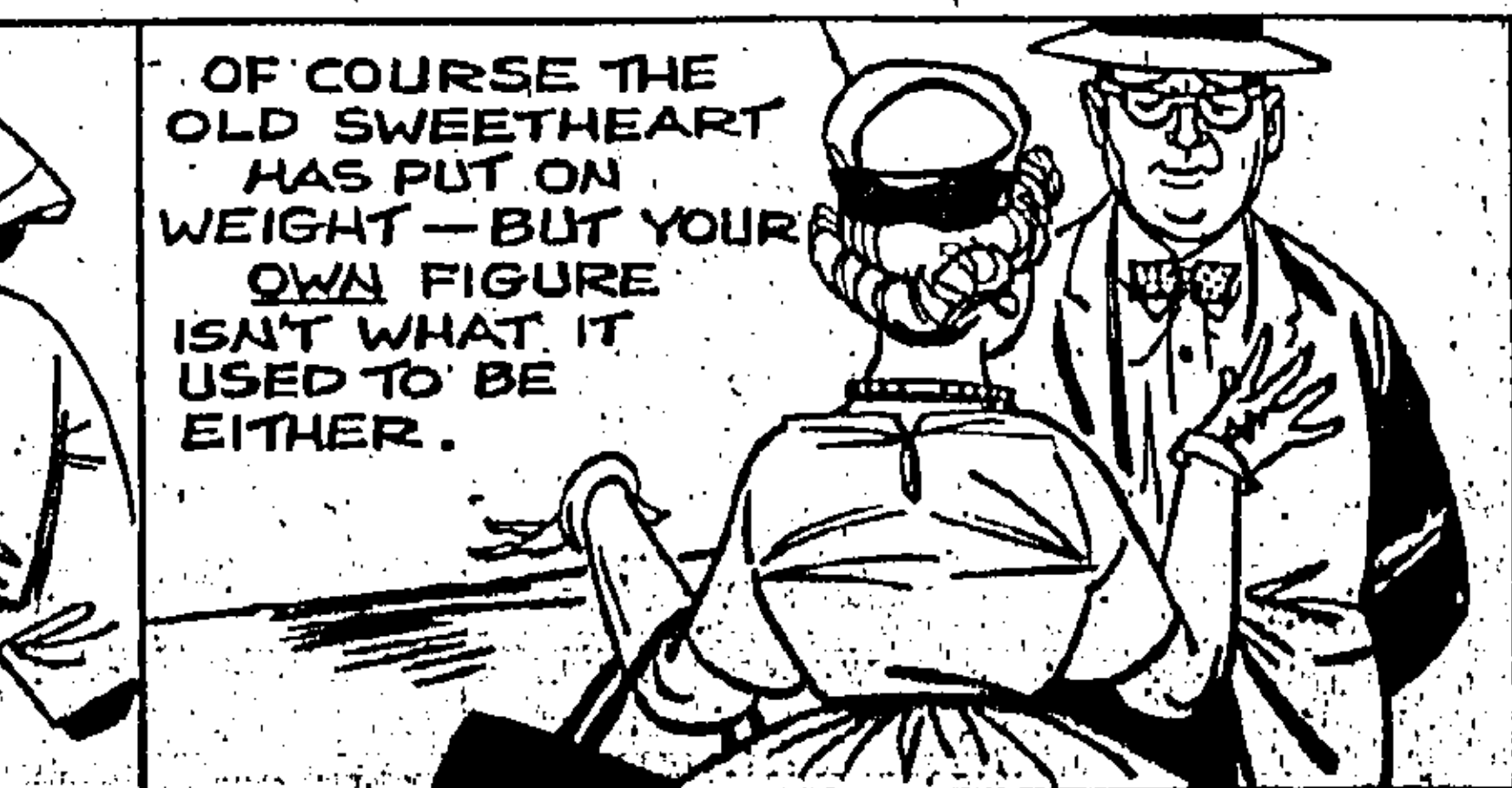
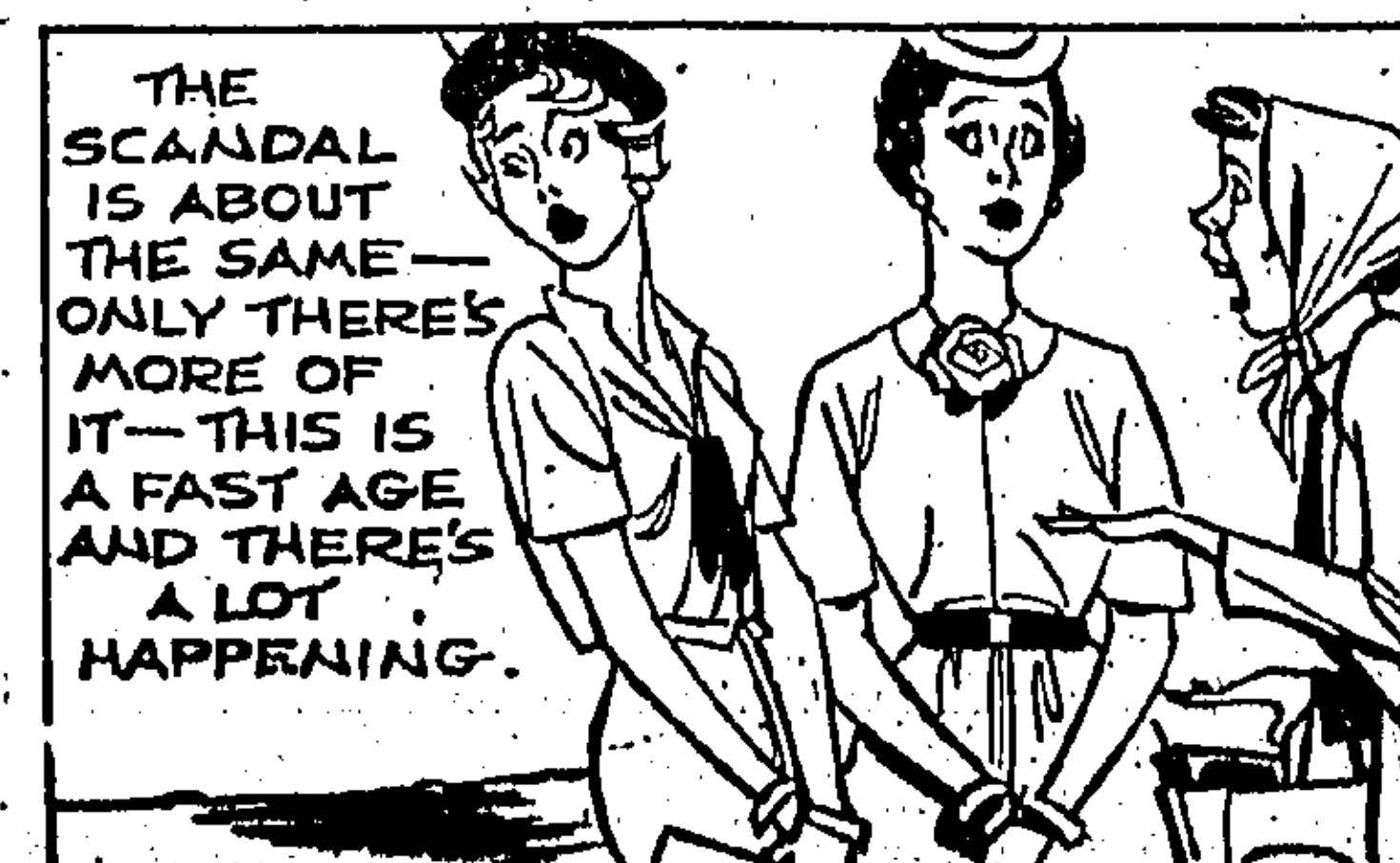
THE ANNUAL YEARNING FOR THOSE CAREFREE BOYHOOD DAYS AND THE OLD HOME TOWN.



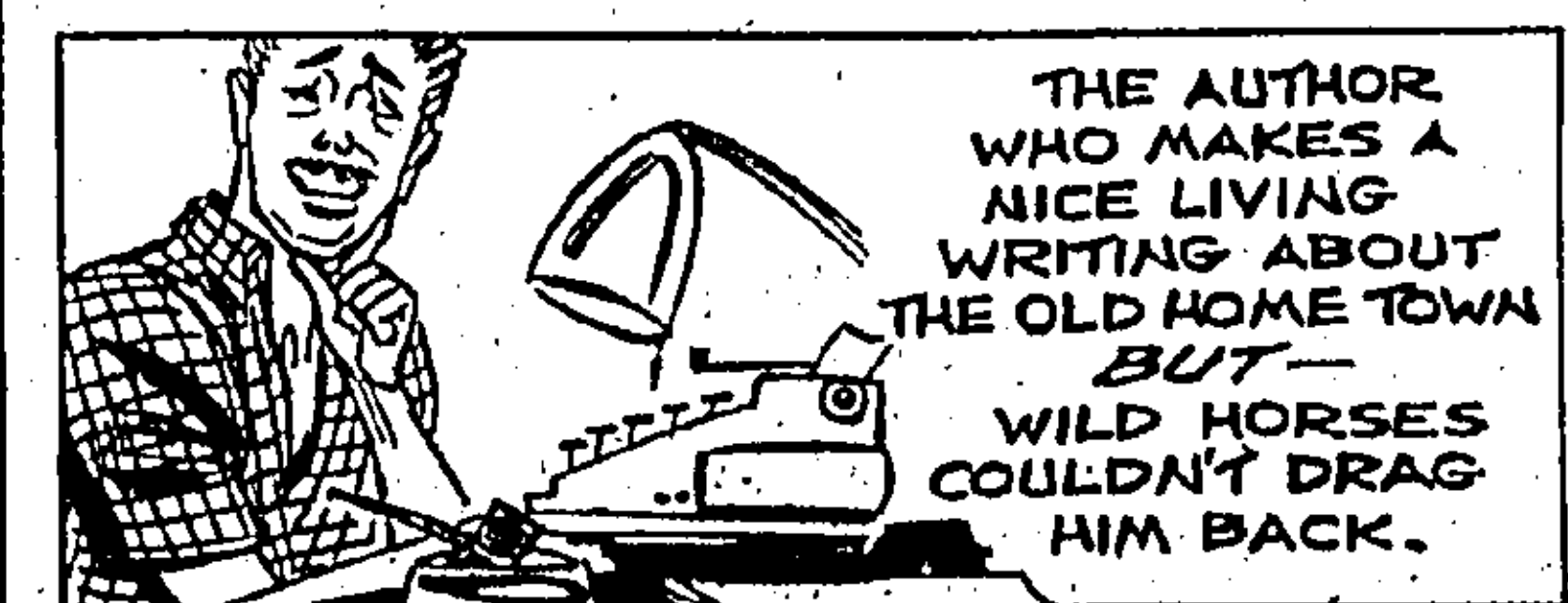
THE BLIGHT WHO WELCOMES YOU HOME WITH A FAIRFARE OF NOTHING.



A FEW MINUTES WITH YOUR BOYHOOD PALS AND THE WIFE WILL BE CONVINCED THAT YOU LEFT THE OLD HOME TOWN BY REQUEST.



THERE'S A NEW CROP OF YOUNGSTERS TO CARRY ON THE TOWN TRADITIONS.









# ★ ★ ★ FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ★ ★ ★

## Our Dogs Have Their Problems, Too

DUFFY didn't mind being the only puppy in a family of six children. When Tim wanted to play ball, the dog was Duffy-on-the-spot.

He liked to race with Rosie on her roller skates. He never grew tired of wrestling on the floor with Bobbie or trying to learn new tricks from Jake.

★ ★ ★

But it was different with Dinah, his mother. She wasn't an old dog. She simply didn't want to learn any new tricks. One day she called to Duffy and said, "There are just too many children in this family. You'll have to give some of them away."

"But they're all so much fun," said Duffy.

"I know it. That isn't the point. They're much too lively."

A little while ago I overheard Mark say that they were going to have a circus. There's no telling what they'll expect me to do. You've got to get rid of a couple of them before this circus thing gets started. It had better be Tim and Mark. They have the most energy."

Duffy felt very badly about it but he knew that he ought to obey his mother, so he started out. He met the first dog just around the corner and asked, "Could you use a little boy? We have one to give away."

"I should say not!" exclaimed the dog. "There is just my mistress and I. We don't want any boys. They're too hard on the furniture."

The next dog he met replied, "A boy! Don't be ridiculous. I have three boys at home already. Duffy was getting pretty discouraged by the time he met the next dog.

This one said, "We have a little girl at home. She doesn't like boys."

So Duffy decided to call it quits for the day.

He started for home and was crossing the street right in front of the house when there was a screeching of automobile brakes. A second later he was in Tim's arms.

A man barked out, "Don't you ever dare run out in front of a car like that again, Sonny. You came mighty close to getting run over."

★ ★ ★

"But this is my dog," answered Tim, as if that made all the difference in the world.

Later on Dinah said, "Well, we won't try to give any of the boys away, after all. If Tim hadn't been there today you might have been killed."

All Duffy said was, "I guess you're right." But he couldn't help thinking that the near-accident had been almost worth while. As long as neither he nor Tim was hurt, of course.

## How To Be A Big Hero

WHO doesn't want to be a hero or heroine? It's easy. We can all live adventurous lives by sharing the experiences of the boys and girls between the covers of books. There's a fine crop of new adventure books this year.



"White Magic" by J. M. Scott (Holt) deals with a search for Viking relics in Greenland and is naturally adventurous in anthropology. In "The Crocodile Tomb" by Robert Shaffer (Folio) an American boy in Egypt makes a discovery at an unexplored pyramid, and his adventures in archeology.

Conn Kilroy, an Irish lad, came to America with a proph-

helps build the first Ferris Wheel and so fulfills the prophecy. This is a fine book, the last one this distinguished author-artist wrote before his recent death.

"Citizen of the Galaxy" by Robert Heinlein (Scribner's) deals with adventure in the future, based solidly on the science-fact of today. History repeats itself in the question of whether space will be slave or free.

Shanty boat and junk boat brought adventure to Johnny Honeycutt in "Put Her to Rest, Johnny" by George A. Parsons (Holt) who learned you need an education even floating down the stream.

Other good adventure stories are: "Rites for Walle" by Harold Keith (Crowell)... the Civil War as seen by it as the Indian frontier; "Whale Hunters Aboard the Gray Gull" by Chester S. Howland (Coxton)... reads like a whaler's log; "Sioux Trail Adventures" by Lois Hoffme (Coxton)... WISAPA conquers fire and fear; "Mountain Courage" by Quail Hawkins (Doubleday)... a lost Boy Scout uses a common sense and his scout training; "The King's Jewel" by Erick Berry (Viking)... Great King Alfred did more than burn a few cakes; and "The Eagles Have Flown" by Joanne S. Williamson (Knopf)... when Lucius lived, warriors were more appreciated than poets.

It's easy to be heroic... read books.

## QUIZ ON HORSES

"A HORSE, a horse, a my kingdom for a horse," shouted King Richard III some centuries ago at Bosworth Field. Although each of the following words contains a "horse," they probably would not fit King Richard's purpose. What are these "horses"?

1. Current style of women's hair dress.
2. Practical common sense.
3. A pungent root used as a condiment.
4. A unit for measuring power.
5. A loud, boisterous laugh.
6. A rude, boisterous play.
7. A common tree found in temperate zones.
8. A rack, particularly used by carpenters.
9. A prickly weed.
10. A horse's mane.

High in the Himalaya mountains lives a shy little deer who really does love music. He has good reason to be shy, for he is hunted tirelessly by hunters who seek the musk that grows in a small pouch in his body.

Musk is used in the making of perfume and is very valuable. Hunters set traps for the little deer and hunt him with poisoned arrows and guns, even with flutes!

When the little deer hears sweet music he comes out of the deep tickets to see what strange bird is making the music. Many of the tiny deer are killed every year this way, when the music-maker turns out to be a hunter with a gun.

## DO IT

YOU can easily make a hobby horse for either yourself or your kid brother or sister from an old broomstick and a man's ordinary sock. Any size will do, but the bigger it happens to be, the better.

Wash it, and then allow it to dry. Now stuff it well with either cotton or straw.

Once it's as fully packed as is absolutely possible, set it on one end of your broomstick, with the toe portion (that is, the horse's head) facing down.

Push it all the way on. Tie it as firmly as you can, with string.

To make a mane for your horse, take an old Turkish towel. Fold it lengthwise twice. Run a barbed stitch down the center.

Now, with scissors, cut the folds open. Finally, snip the fringed, sewed terry cloth into fringe. Sew it down to the sock, starting at the beginning of the heel (which is now the top of the head) and finishing at the place where it's attached to the sock.

Bits of leftover terry cloth can be cut to form ears. Sew them to each side of the head.

A pair of buttons make wonderful eyes. Use very large ones, then sew tiny ones on top of them, through the self-same holes. Select different hues for each size.

Paint the mouth with lipstick and cover with shellac or nail polish.

A fine bridle and reins can be fashioned from shoelaces. Arrange a strip across the too (that is, the horse's head), attach a length at each side, long enough to reach to the rider when he is straddling the stick. A piece should extend on each side also, from the mouth to behind the ears.

Any colour of sock is a good selection. Your towelling can match or be a gay contrasting shade. If you have some left over, cut it into a triangle, as a matching neckerchief for the rider to wear.

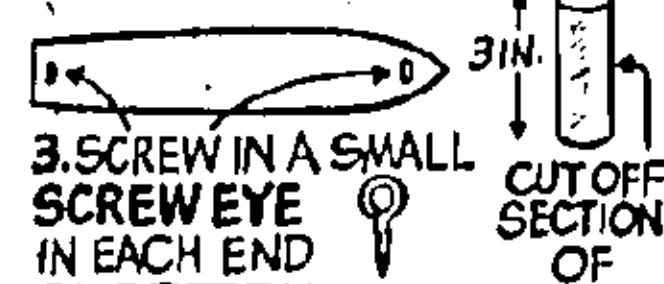
—BESS RITTER

## HOW TO POWER BOAT

1. CUT HULL FROM A BOARD THIS SIZE.



2. BUILD THE CABIN AND STACK LIKE THIS.



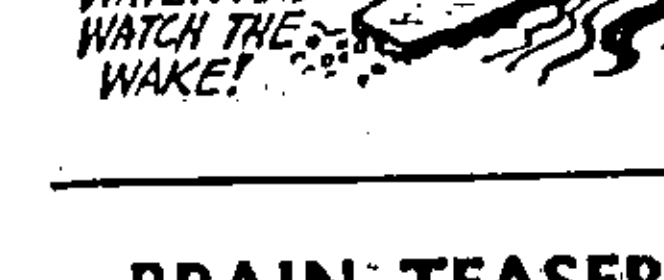
3. SCREW IN A SMALL SCREW EYE IN EACH END OF BOTTOM OF HULL.



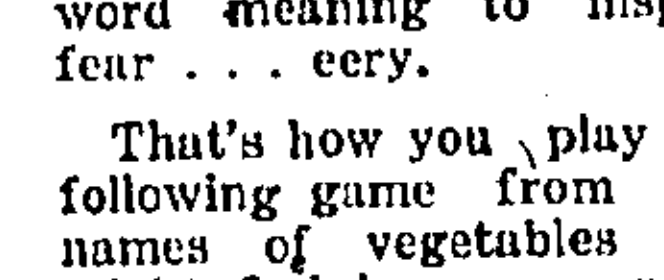
4. MAKE A PROPELLOR FROM A SMALL PIECE OF TIN CAN.



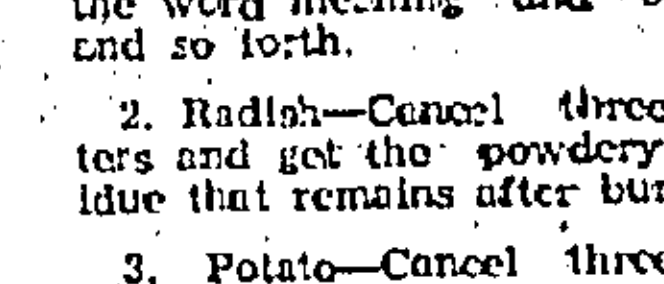
5. HOOK A SHORT PIECE OF WIRE THROUGH PROPELLOR HOLES.



6. THEN PUT WIRE THROUGH SCREW EYE IN THE STEEL. LOOK END OF WIRE. HOOK A LONG RUBBER BAND TO WIRE. AND FRONT SCREW EYE.



7. WIND PROP. PUT BOAT IN WATER AND WATCH THE WAKE!



8. BRAIN TEASER

CANCEL two letters in the word CELERY and the remaining letters spell a word meaning to inspire fear... eery.

That's how you play the following game from the names of vegetables you might find in your garden. See how many of them you can figure out.

1. Lettuce—Cancel four letters and get an abbreviation of the word meaning and others and so forth.
2. Radish—Cancel three letters and get the powdery residue that remains after burning.
3. Potato—Cancel three letters and get a cereal grass.
4. Onion—Cancel three letters and get a negative answer.
5. Rhubarb—Cancel four letters and get a word meaning to subject to pressure and friction.
6. Cauliflower—Cancel five letters and get a word meaning immature inexperienced.
7. Cabbage—Cancel four letters and get the length of time a being or thing has existed.
8. Tomato—Cancel three letters and get a small piece of material.
9. Spinach—Cancel two letters and get an action done by pressing between the finger and thumb.
10. Pepper—Cancel three letters and get the powdery contraction of "ever."
11. Asparagus—Cancel four letters and get the name of the giant with a hundred eyes.

ANSWERS: 1. E. 2. Ash. 3. Oat. 4. No. 5. Rub. 6. Floe. 7. Age. 8. Leaf. 9. Squeeze. 10. Ever. 11. Cyclops.

## Hanid Asks Some Riddles

—Kitten Would Rather Purr Than Answer—

By MAX TRELL

HANID, the Shadow Girl, with the Turned-Around Name, put the Kitten in her lap.

"Now, Purr Purr," she said, "I'd like to ask you a question."

Purr Purr looked up at Hanid and purred. However, she did not answer. Hanid. She only waited.

"The question I'd like to ask you," Hanid went on, "is whether you are good at riddles."

Kept On Purring

This time Hanid waited for several minutes. But Purr Purr refused to say whether she was good at riddles or not. The only thing she did was to keep on purring.

"I guess you don't feel like talking to me this morning," Hanid said, pretending to herself that there were other mornings when Purr Purr did a lot of talking.

"This wasn't true at all. Purr Purr never talked to anybody except, perhaps, to other Cats and Mice."

"I'll ask you a riddle just the same," Hanid continued.

Hanid made Purr Purr curl herself comfortably in her lap. Then she said:

"Now this is the riddle. Purr Purr, please, listen very carefully. I'm sure you'll be able to guess it."

"I have a friend  
Her name is Clare.  
Half of her stands in the open air.  
The rest of her stands inside the house."

She lets in the cat.  
And she lets out the mouse."

Hanid finished the little riddle. She looked closely at Purr Purr and waited for the Kitten to answer.

But Purr Purr just kept on purring.

"Oh, dear," sighed Hanid. "I'm afraid I'll have to tell you the answer, Purr Purr. Are you sure you don't want to try to guess it?"

It may be that Purr Purr did try to guess, but she said nothing.

Another Riddle

"Very well," replied Hanid. "I'll tell you the answer. I mean I'll tell you who Clare is. She's a Door. You see, half of her stands outside and the other half stands inside."

"The answer to the second riddle," Hanid said, "is Pencil. The more it writes, the shorter it grows."

Hanid didn't ask Purr Purr any more riddles.

"I guess Kitten doesn't really like riddles," Hanid said to herself. "They like to curl up and sleep. And like to purr."

Hanid was right about the purring.

That's what Purr Purr was doing.

That's what she kept on doing all through the pleasant afternoon.

Had To Tell Her

In the end, Hanid had to tell Purr Purr the answer.



"I'd like to ask you a question," Hanid told Kitten.

"All right, I'll ask you another riddle. Now see if you can guess this one!"

Hanid gave Purr Purr a little shake to make sure she wasn't falling asleep. Then Hanid asked the second riddle.

This is how it went:

"Little Johnny writes with his toes.  
But the more he writes  
The shorter he grows."

Once more Hanid looked at Purr Purr.

"Now that's an easy one," she said, as she held the Kitten up. "I'm sure you can guess it, if you try. Come, Purr Purr!"

But Purr Purr didn't reply.

"You really should try," Hanid told her. "It isn't clever of you to give up without even trying."

"Meow!" said Purr Purr.

"No, that's not the answer."

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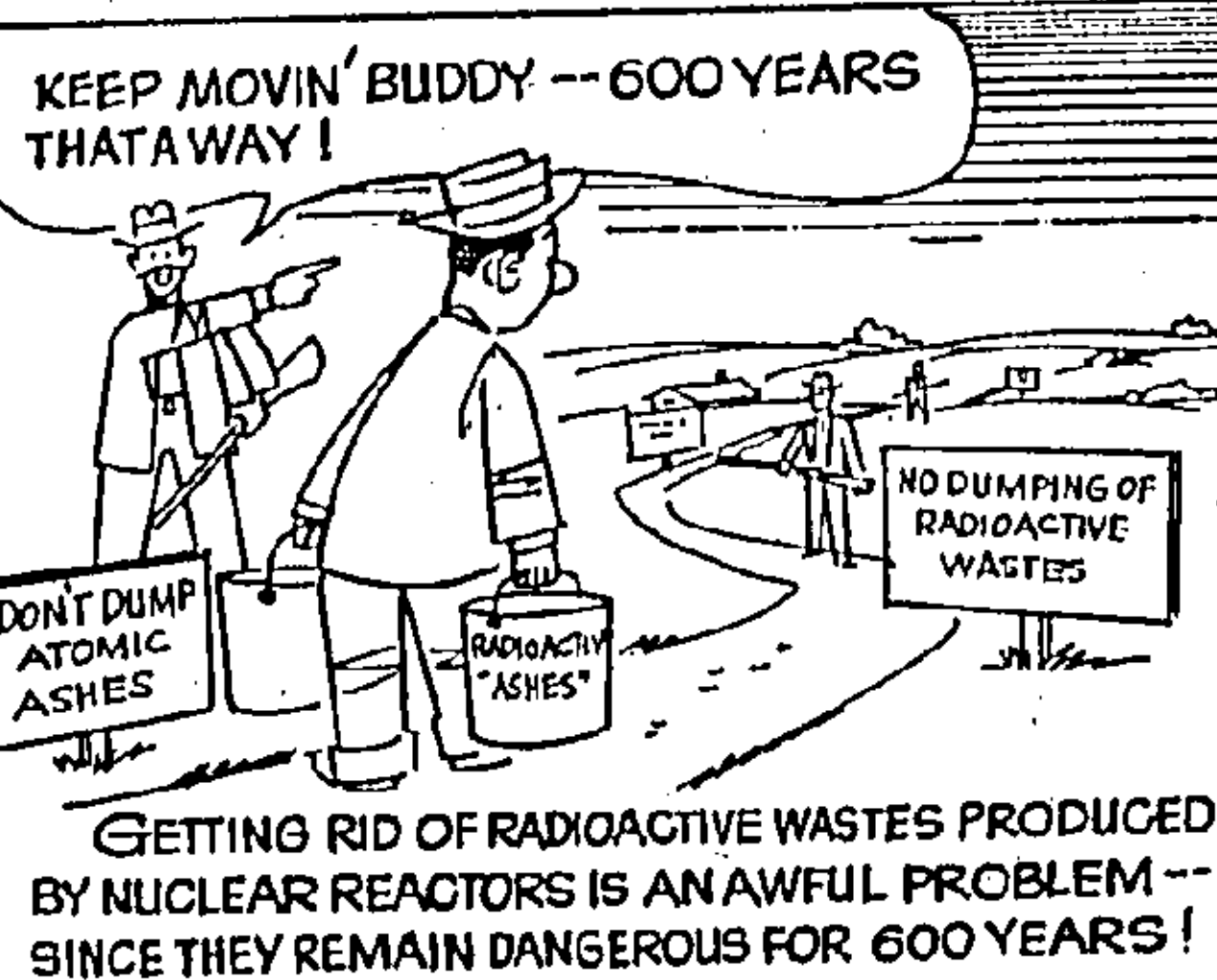
Had To Tell Her

In the end, Hanid had to tell Purr Purr the answer.

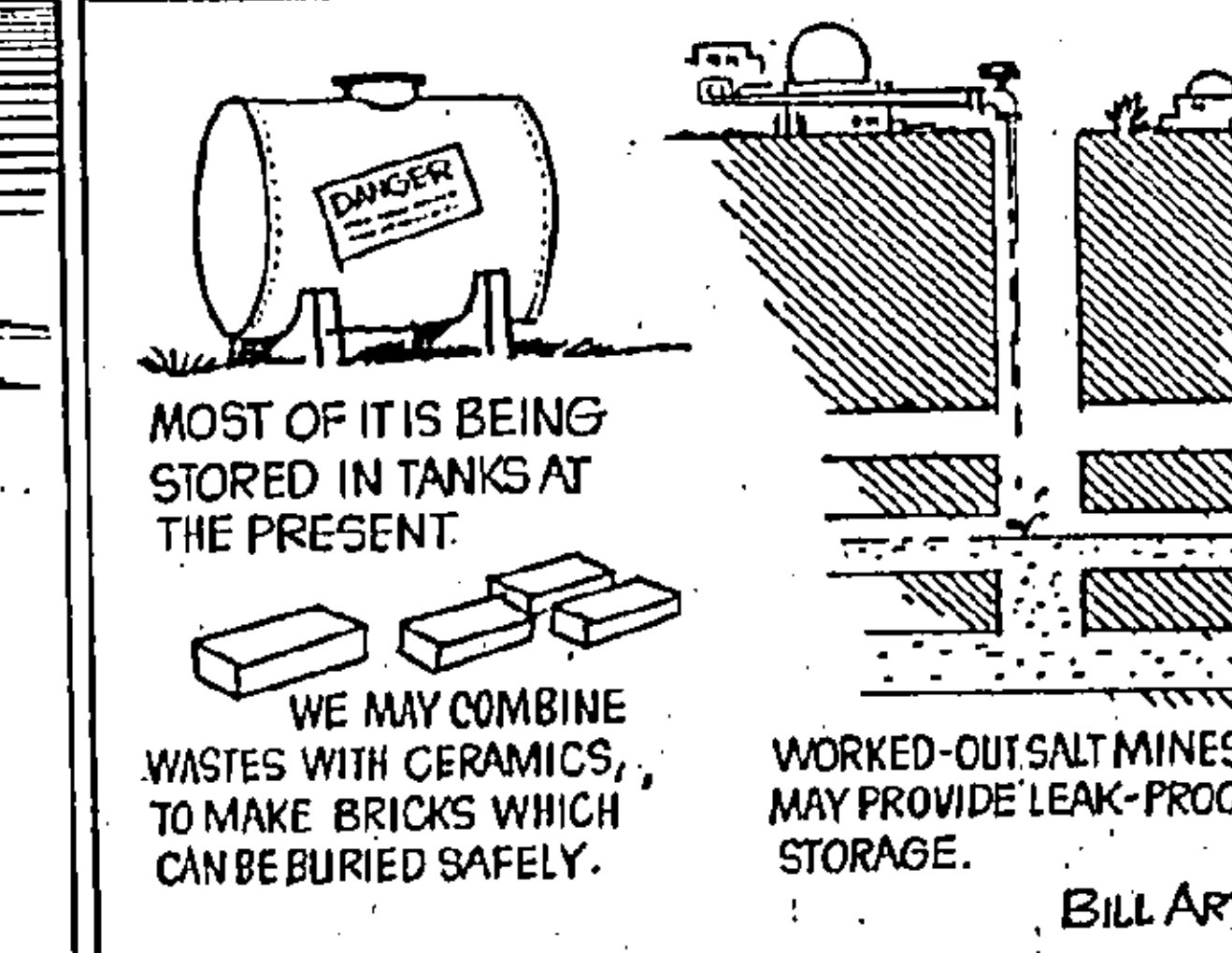
"The answer to the second riddle," Hanid said, "is Pencil. The more it writes, the shorter it grows."

Hanid didn't ask Purr Purr any more riddles.

## Our Growing "Rubbish" Problem



GETTING RID OF RADIOACTIVE WASTES PRODUCED BY NUCLEAR REACTORS IS AN AWFUL PROBLEM-- SINCE THEY REMAIN DANGEROUS FOR 600 YEARS!



WORKED-OUT SALT MINES MAY PROVIDE LEAK-PROOF STORAGE.

Bill Arter

## IRAN OFFERS MANY STRANGE SIGHTS

PERSIA, which is now known as Iran, was one of the first lands in which Christianity was preached.

While much is being done to modernize the country, there are still entire sections in which the people continue to live as they have for generations.

The streets of Persia are constantly thronging with busy people. One man will go down the street shouting that he will clean the water tanks. Almost everyone has such a tank in his yard or garden. He cleans it with his arms and he will clean the tanks so well that the birds will be happy to see themselves mirrored in the pool.



Many Persians will be going to the bazaar where they will find out all the latest news and at the same time make any necessary purchases. There will be a great buzzing as the boys and men all try to talk their loudst.

In little booths, men will be carving, painting, sewing and hammering. The craftsmen never hurry with their work. If you order a bowl of silver, you can go each day for a week and watch the artist carve a masterpiece from a plain silver form.

One can stand for hours watching the men make bread into huge pancake-like loaves, or a man make patties of beef on a cone-shaped iron form.

To us, it seems a mystical and mysterious land.

—Charlotte Dowdall

## MAP GAMES

IF GEOGRAPHY is your favorite subject, you will enjoy playing this game with your friends: Pin a large map upon the wall, pick out a place on it, then announce its name to the rest of the group. The first player to immediately exclaim "yes" around the map and tries to find it. The first one who does, gets his chance to select a new spot.

Another good map game should be prepared ahead of time: Using carbon paper, trace nine or ten copies of the map of a continent on writing paper, leaving out every single name. (If you press down very hard with your pencil, and use a good quality of carbon, you can easily create this amount, making very sure, however, that all the sheets are carefully thumb-tacked to a board together, so that they won't slip out of place while you work.)

Distribute the copies, together with pencils. The first player who writes down all the countries in the continent correctly is the one who wins.

## These Books Have The Facts

FACTS come in all shapes and sizes and so do fact books. There's something in this category that fits every reader like a glove. Get the facts!

You might begin with *People in History* by R. J. Unstead (Macmillan) to get an interesting cross section of Britons from St. Patrick to Alexander Fleming, discoverer of penicillin.

Fastest on the Elver by Manly W. Wellman (Holt) is a vivid picture of Mississippi river traffic in the great days of steam. The famous race between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez. You may be surprised to find how expensive steamboating was.

If you want to "warm up" a little "test job" or just read about the lads who can, enjoy *Hot Rod It and Run for Fun* by Fred Hornley (Prentice-Hall). These characters speak a language all their own. Twin pots, anyone?

For the beginner or the semi-expert photographer for Teachers by Lucile A. Marshall (Prentice-Hall) is a fine "how-to" book. A gift copy would really send a shutter-bug.

More facts in various shapes and sizes include *Indian Games and Crafts* by Robert "Gray Wolf" Hofstede (Morrow)... crystal clear directions and diagrams for make-it-yourself fun; *Jersey Jackson's Guide to Dating* (Prentice-Hall) is a fine "how-to" book; try any one of Harper's series *Regions of America*... fascinating stories and pictures; *Cappy* and the *Jet Engine* by Duane Bradley (Lippincott)... explains simply the workings of the flying principles; and *Rocket Power* and *Space Flight* by G. Harry Sline (Holt). A man who is on the proving grounds now tells what's going on in rockets, and what may go on in space flight tomorrow.

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## These Readers Want Some Letters

David Weinberg, 1104 W. Marshall Blvd., San Bernardino, Calif. Age: 11.

Norma Palitto, 33 Jesse St., Swampscott, Mass. Age: 11.

Judy Pollard, 50 Shelter St., Orange, Mass. Age: 10.

Ellen Jane Haney, 98 W. Main St., St. Johnsville, N.Y. Age: 11.

Patricia Smith, 409 Chilton-dance St., Akron, O. Age: 11.

Kyle Polans, 227 Stewart S.W., Age: 10.

Marilyn, Ohio, Age: 8.

Linda Corley, 555 W. Morgan Blvd., Calif. Age: 10.

Marilyn Boechling, 1912 Tudor St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. Age: 10.

## Rupert and the Early Bird-9



Rupert reaches the middle of the tree just as the rooster crows. "Bill, equally breathless, dashes forward to meet him. 'I've heard it!' quips the little bear. 'I've heard that voice! I right put the voice and was hurrying to fetch you!'"



Let's watch in case he climbs down and slips away! "He's what are you talking about?" cries Bill. "That mystery person was certainly up a tree, but he was in my ear of the wood! I came right put the voice and was hurrying to fetch you!"

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



## ROUND-UP

## TRAMPED IN DARK

THE last 41 years has meant a 145,000-mile tramp for Mr Albert Haselden, of London Road, Higham—every mile of it in the dark. Mr Haselden, who has retired at 58 became watchman of Higham Tunnel, which runs 2½ miles between Higham and Strood stations, on the Charing Cross-Chatham line when he was 22 years old. Ever since he has averaged about 70 miles a week walking up and down checking on the safety of the tunnel which is used by 80 trains a day. He has dealt with falls of rubble, people who have fallen from trains and all sorts of animals which have found their way there. Fifteen times during the war he guided out people who had walked in during the blackout imagining that they were walking away from one or other of the stations at either end.

## MOTORED 60 YEARS

PSWICH motorist 70-year-old Mr Ebenezer Hook's claim to being a "vintage" motorist rests on the fact that he first drove in 1897. He then took the wheel of a 20 m.p.h. single-cylinder Benz. Mr Hook has been driving ever since and believes he has covered about 1,000,000 miles in the score of cars he has owned.

## WEEKEND Friell



"They're crazy! Won't lend me £500 because I'm not earning enough, but if I was earning enough I wouldn't need a loan of £500!"

TAKE A DEEP BREATH, AND READ ON: Between extracts from doubtful books, a writer in Moscow's "Literary Gazette" interjected this plea to his readers:

"I beg you, in the name of your children, to read right to the end. Go out into the streets. Breathe a little fresh air. Drink a glass of cold water, and continue."

The writer was complaining about the pornographic nature of a book of authors Gollenduchin and Shurapov. It was published by The Armed Services Sports Association.

**SUZANNE'S LIGHT SNACK:** A Spanish tourist and his wife had a hard time explaining to frontier police why it was they had no travelling documents.

It seemed they had visited the Paris zoo and stopped to take a photograph of Suzanne, a 30-year-old elephant. Just at the tourist was aiming his camera, Suzanne stretched out her trunk and grabbed his wife's handbag.

The elephant's trunk was gapping. Then the elephant gave a grunt and spat out one tube of lipstick, a box of rouge, one eye-brow pencil and a gold-plated powder case. But Suzanne marched happily on the handbag and its remaining contents, including passports and travellers' cheques.

**UNESCO'S CAT PROBLEM:** As the multi-nation staff of the

## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation prepared recently to move to their palatial new headquarters in the Place Fontenay the harassed leaders of this vast international brains trust were still wondering what to do about the UNESCO cats.

A great international feline legion—black cats, white cats, ginger cats and tabby cats—has grown plump on the fish heads and other succulent scraps from the lavish staff kitchens in the basement of the old UNESCO headquarters in the Avenue Kleber.

The cats are a self-imposed problem for UNESCO. There were rats in the collars of the Avenue Kleber building. Someone thought of keeping cats.

There was a UNESCO directive. A staff member was sent out to buy two tom cats. But a French pet shop palmed off a male and a female on the man from UNESCO—the house of international learning. The result: UNESCO's cat population just grew and grew.

Not that UNESCO hasn't tried to check the population growth. A number of cats were rounded up one night and put into bags.

They were taken to the Bois de Boulogne and released. But they got back to the UNESCO building even before the watchman who had dumped them.

**NOT PART OF THE ACT:** With a performing pony trotting alongside and a trick dog standing on its hind legs on the riding board of their caravan, a family circus snuffed Red Bull and escaped into West Berlin this week.

The family—man, wife, 19-year-old son, 21-year-old daughter and a son-in-law—came down a side street in East Berlin leading to the West.

They had two caravans, both drawn by a tractor.

The man explained to border guards: "We have taken a wrong turning and want to turn round. The road is too narrow here."

Instead of turning, the tractor made a dash for the Western border, smashing through a wooden barrier on the way. Then, before police could shoot, the driver swung round a corner into the American sector.

The family was due to appear in a circus in East Berlin next week. But they said: "We were not allowed to work where

we wanted. Even the act was watched in case it had any political meaning. So we decided to go west."

**LADIES' MAN:** Ottawa police arrested a 15-year-old boy and charged him with 200 house-breakings. In two months, they alleged, he got away with 20,000 dollars worth of loot.

He told the police he did it because, "I got a kick out of eluding the cops and wanted to coil up my girl friends like Hollywood stars."

**SORRY, NO OFFENCE:** The Argentine Supreme Court has ruled: "It cannot be considered an offence for a man to forcibly pinch the posterior part of a strange woman in the street providing no damage is done."

**SPACE AGE ROCK:** Song titles recently copyrighted include: "Space Ship Lullaby," "Sputnik Love," "Beep-beep, beep-beep," "Let Me Be Your Satellite," and "Take Me to the Moon, Mr. Cushman."

**HARD TIMES:** Weddings are becoming so difficult to arrange in recession-hit Singapore that professional matchmakers have halved their fees to £20.

THE NEWS FROM NOTTING HILL BEWILDERS THE CITY WHERE 1 IN 30 IS NON-EUROPEAN

## Living side by side—a lesson for London

PARIS NEWS LETTER by SAM WHITE



The spectacle of white girls with negro companions does not present the mid-east comment.

PARIS. IN Paris about one person in every thirty is non-European. In Paris the flood of impoverished immigrants from Algeria and black Africa has been so great that the Algerian population has increased in four years from 40,000 to 150,000, and the Negro population from 20,000 to 80,000.

In Paris the housing shortage is infinitely more acute than in London.

In Paris a comparatively high proportion of the non-European population is involved in the city's vice rackets, from prostitution to dope-taking, and a high proportion of crimes of violence are committed by Algerians.

## Provocation

Finally, in Paris, there is the tremendous provocation of Algerian terrorism which only in the past week resulted in the murder of four policemen and three soldiers.

In short, all the "reasons" which social workers give for the outbreak of race riots in London exist in Paris in a far more serious form, plus provocation of organised terrorism.

Yet, in spite of all this, there has not been a single case of organised white hooliganism against Algerians or Negroes at any time in the past four years.

More than that, there is not a flicker of racial tension in the suburbs or districts of Paris where the mass of non-European population has settled.

So much so that one of the problems the harassed Paris police do not have to consider in their fight against Algerian terrorists, is the possibility of mob reprisals against Algerians.

## Reaction

Of course, all this may change, but it would need a series of explosions in cinemas and cafes—terraces—to change them. I talked to a senior Paris official about this.

How could he explain the absence of racial riots in Paris? He looked frankly mystified by my question.

"There is nothing surprising about the absence of racialism in Paris," he said. "It is the presence which would astonish us. Please explain to me why you are having these troubles in London? Frankly, I cannot understand them."

That has been the reaction of every Frenchman I have spoken to about events in Notting Hill. He is as mystified by racialism as a great many Anglo-

Saxons are mystified by its absence, and for much things to happen in England is for the average Frenchman a positively grievous shock.

Long reconciled to the idea that certain parts of the globe are occupied by yahoos he has never even in his most anglophobic moments included the British Isles in these intellectually depressed zones.

It is, of course, this instinctive lack of colour prejudice which is the chief reason why Europeans and non-Europeans continue to live in peace in Paris despite the trying circumstances.

Stroll down the Boulevard Michel in the heart of the students' quarter any lunchtime. There, almost every second couple you see consist of a white girl and a Negro.

The girls are not trollops; for the most part they are students at the Sorbonne, their Negro companions are most likely students too.

The spectacle does not present surprise or even the mildest comment.

Go to any of a dozen dancing dives in the area where not only students but Parisians of every class gather.

Negro dancing partners are in great demand and there is nearly always a group of disconsolate Europeans at the bar trying vainly to find a partner.

I have been to these places many times. I have never witnessed a brawl at one of them or even heard a muttered insult.

Similar sights are common in the suburbs. The Renault factory worker not only works in complete amity beside an Arab or a Negro but in the evenings adjourns to the same cafes.

There has never been any outcry from French trade unionists against the employment of non-European workers.

But the intellectual and the worker, both the Catholic and the free thinker find on this subject a common ground, and both look upon race prejudice as the unmistakable badge of barbarism.

Such anti-Semitism as exists in France is political and mob-bish rather than racial.

The strength of the Catholic Church on the one hand and the strength of the egalitarian rationalism on the other both combine against race prejudice among every section of the community.

## Humanistic

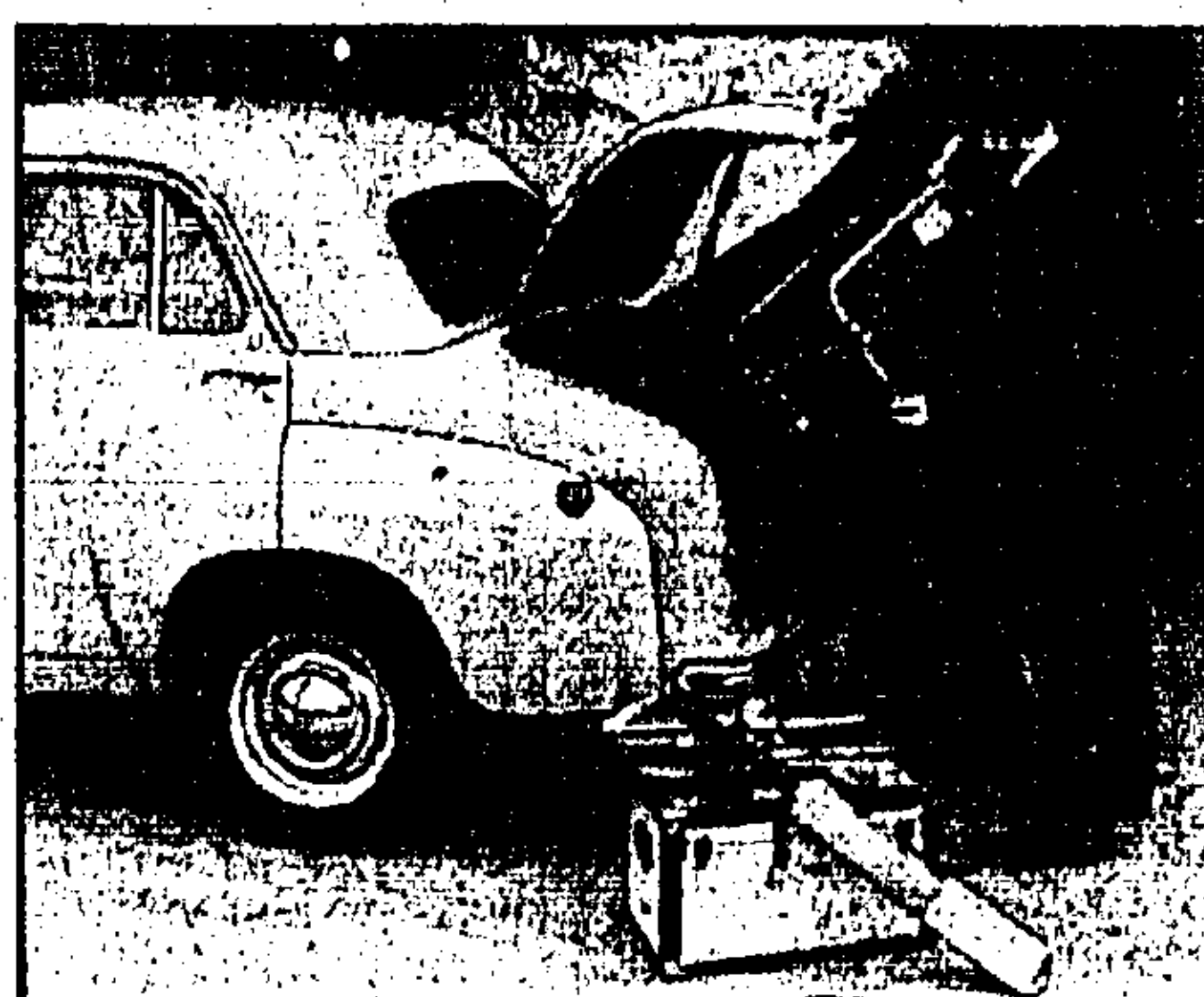
Add to this the deeply humanistic character of French education and you have a background for the civilised standards the French apply in these matters.

From all these factors there emerges, too, an adult attitude to sex and an innate respect for the individual of whatever race.

These checks on race prejudice are combined with checks on hooliganism of the Teddy Boy type.

Not only is the average Frenchman in his teens likely

## CAR TEST—by Robert Walling



The boot and seat form one long suitcase platform.

## The Standard baby gets some luxury

NOW and then I like to check up on British cars that are so popular they continue year after year, just to see if some of the little snags have been put right.

And I report for the family motorist or the newly-married couple who have not much money to spare that the Standard Eight coming off Mr Dick's production line at Coventry is more luxurious, safer, than last year.

It costs £640 purchase tax paid, is a four-door four-seater saloon, will go in almost any garage, and is one of the roomiest baby cars in Britain's range, though I would not say it is the sleekest.

There are, as I see it, three uses for this car. It is ideal for two who want cheap-to-run (42 m.p.g.) fast transport on a holiday. The back seat is upright and drops forward to give twice the luggage room under cover—the boot and seat form one long suitcase platform.

## Carpets

It is comfortable for four adults, with just enough leg room. And a business man driving it alone will find it a rugged personal "kiss." Criticisms have been made about the early model's austerity. Now it has a floor carpet, a couple of ashtrays in the back, down seat, seating, two sun visors, and more careful finish.

I took it on a long run, and it was refreshing to note how the speed kept up but the fuel pointer did not drop fast. Cruising speed was a nifty 60 m.p.h. well out of London, and the needle moved to 60 with the right foot hard down.

The luxurious engine tried to prevent a change of gear to third on steep hills and made it once or twice. In third the limit was 55, with plenty of acceleration in this ratio and in second. The "heel" on corners was well under control.

## Comfort

On my way back over some of the roughest surfaces of back-roads in London I found the strong springing shook the model a little, and it was not easy to go slowly in top gear in traffic because the engine was happiest at a fair number of revolutions.

Here is my Test Log: COMFORT: pretty fair. NOISE: not bad less from the engine when working hard; otherwise quiet.

STEERING: needs a little muscle when parking, and the lock could be better; light as a feather on the move.

INSTRUMENTS: all under a hood in front of the driver—excellent.

LUGGAGE: fine for two; restricted for four.

PERFORMANCE: get-up-and-go.

VISIBILITY: much better, due to a bigger back window.

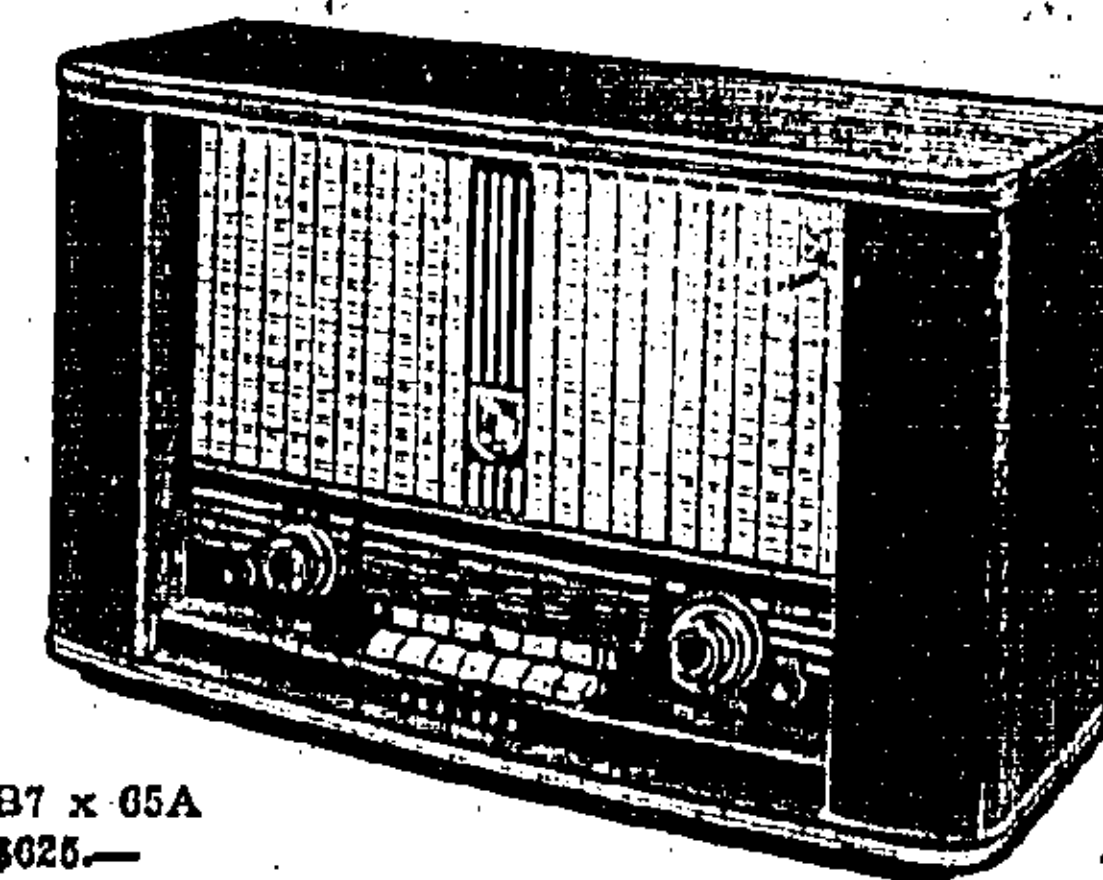
M.P.G.: that over-40 figure refuses to alter much whatever you do within reason.

BRAKING: light, strong, and does not fade easily.

HILLS: heavy.

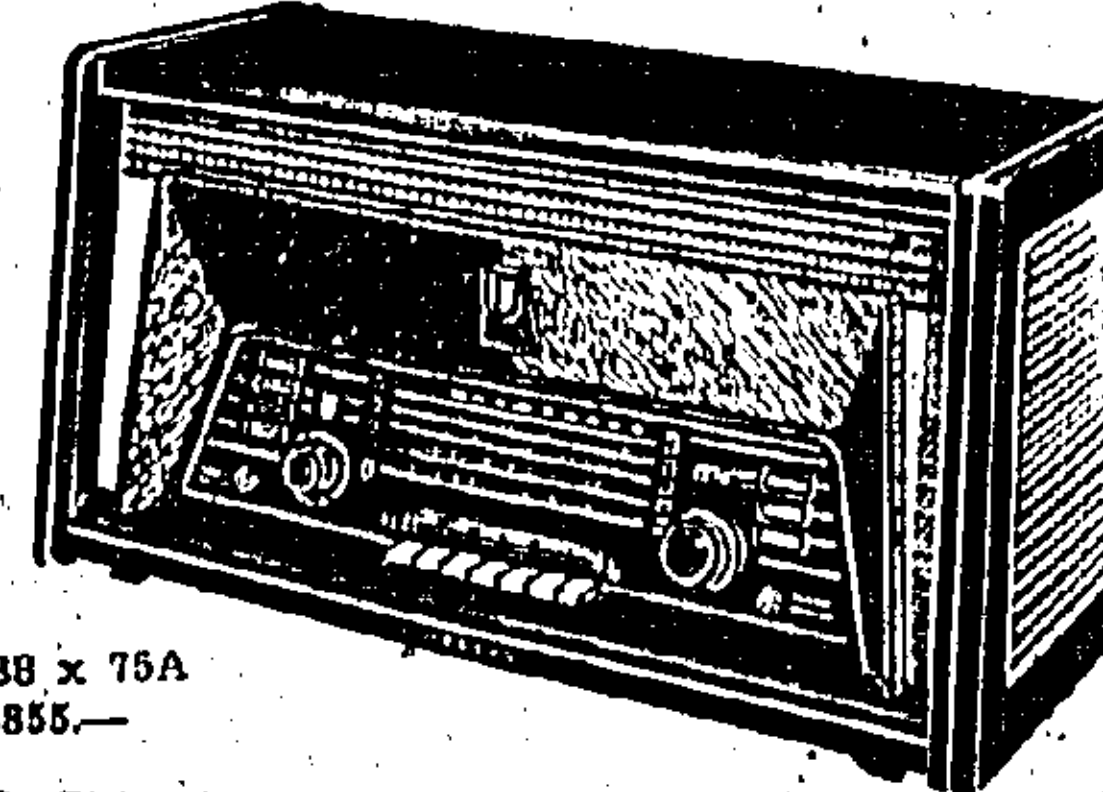
(London Express Service).

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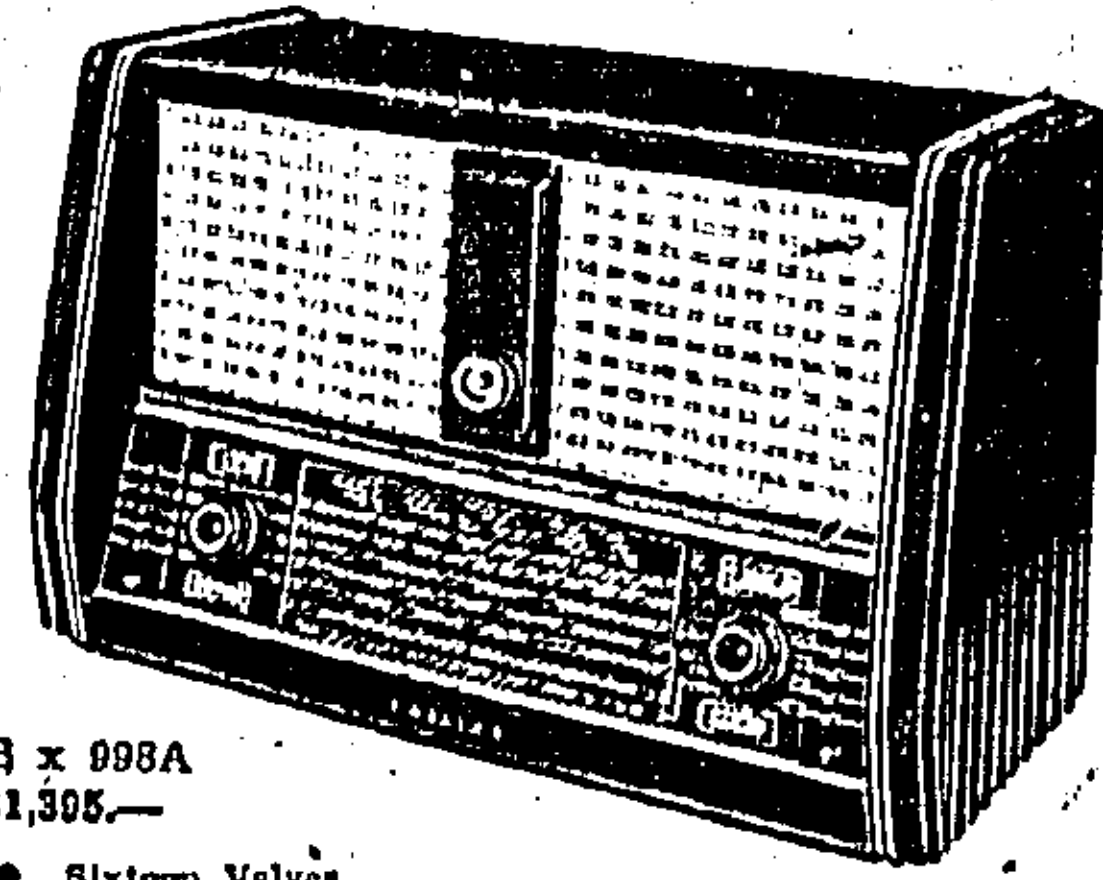
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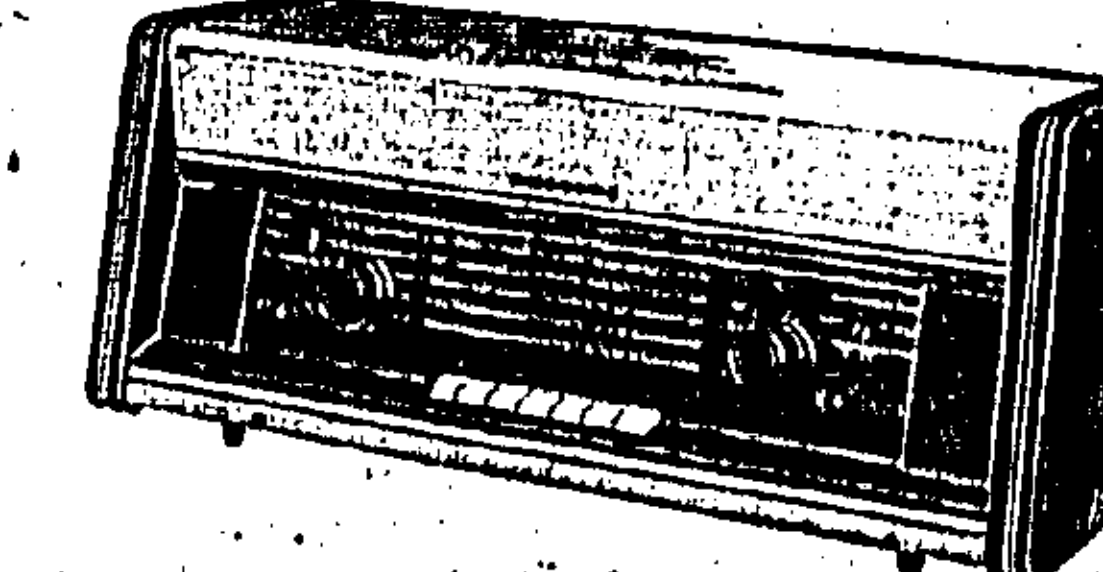
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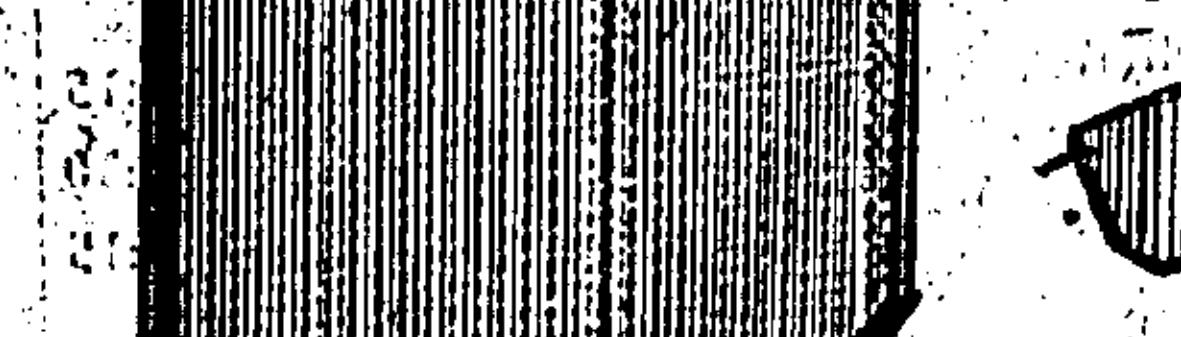
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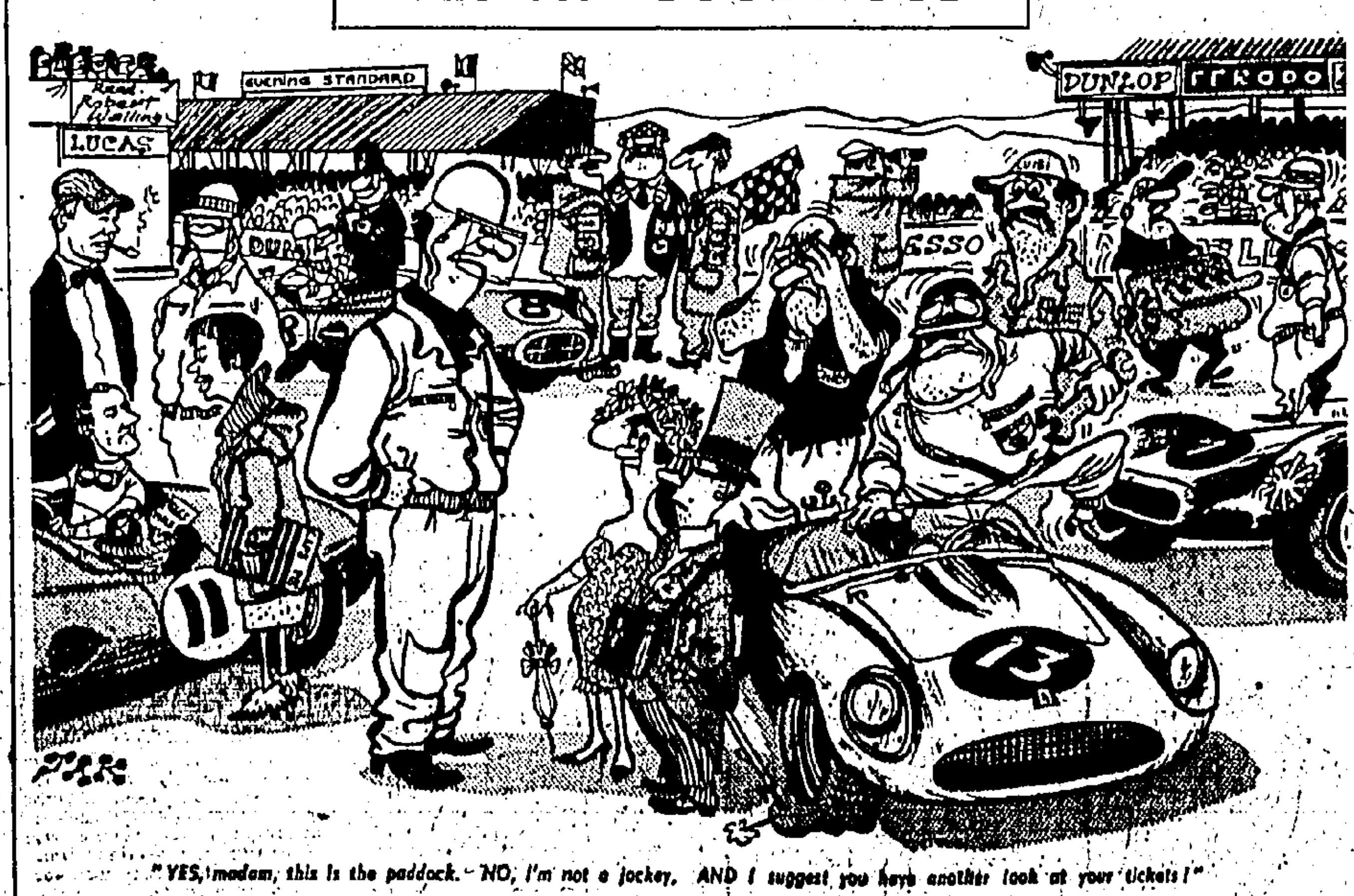


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## JAK AT GOODWOOD



"YES, madam, this is the paddock. NO, I'm not a jockey. AND I suggest you have another look at your tickets!"

London Express Service



# MEN WHO CHANGED SPORT

By  
DEREK  
JOHN

## The Off-Side King Who Altered The Rule And Game Of Football

In his black homburg hat, 75-year-old soccer scout William McCracken is a familiar and respected figure in the soccer world.

Yet 30 years ago he was booed off every First Division ground in England. Opposing players cursed him.

Bill McCracken was the off-side king. He perfected a trap which caught forwards like flies in a spider's web. A couple of steps forward by McCracken and moves carefully thought out and executed by soccer artists were reduced to naught. The referee's whistle would signal yet another infringement of the off-side rule, yet another free-kick.

Games in which McCracken played became a series of stoppages. No wonder the crowds were furious. They finally showed their annoyance by staying away and many clubs were badly hit financially.

It may well have been that, given time, the forwards would have found a way to avoid the McCracken off-side trap, now copied by many other players. But club directors demanded action immediately.

### Outlawed

They saw the position this way: spectators like goals, the off-side trap cuts down scoring. Obvious solution: outlaw the trap.

So they changed the law. The new rule said that a forward need have only two players, and not three as previously, between himself and the goal to be on side. As one of the players was the goalkeeper, it meant forwards had to watch only one back instead of two.

And if this one back tried to play the off-side trap and failed, the goalkeeper would be left without cover.

Football changed completely.

To tighten the defence, the centre-half, formerly a team's key man, was brought back to become a third full-back. The emphasis was entirely on defence.

Originators of the "third back" game, Arsenal introduced it to fit it into an attacking form based on the deep-lying style of the brilliant Alex James.

But most teams were merely saw "he defensive possibilities."

### New Techniques

So for years English football has been largely a matter of hanging the ball down the field in the hope that the big centre-forward would force his way past the bigger centre-half.

South American and European teams have mastered new

techniques that revive all the former skills and get a pace much faster than anything ever seen in the old days of soccer.

All because an Irish lad used to take a couple of quick steps upfield, and yell, "off-side!"

Why did he do it?

### His Critics

His critics said it was because he was not good enough to play the orthodox way. Yet in truth this handsome Irishman was one of the finest full-backs the game has ever seen. He was clever enough to stop forwards by ordinary methods. But he decided to save himself a lot of work by using the law to suit his own ends. He picked on the very law that was designed to protect defenders against unfair goal-mouth positioning by forwards.

McCracken had always had a mind of his own. As a 10-year-old, he was quick to return in good measure a punch an opposing centre-half gave him for disputing a goal. Spectators rushed on to the pitch and made for McCracken. He finally found his way back to the dressing room wearing only socks and boots.

### Years Of Glory

His seven playing seasons with Newcastle were years of glory. Newcastle reached the FA Cup Final five times and won the League Championship on three occasions.

They were also story years. They began with an F.A. inquiry when he signed for Newcastle in 1904 after rumour had it that he had accepted an under-the-counter payment.

And Newcastle won the 1910 Final only after McCracken had staged a revolt because centre-forward Albert Shepherd had been dropped from the side following allegations about bookmakers' bribes.

McCracken demanded that

Shepherd be restored to the side for the Final—or else. Shepherd played, but was not at his best in a game which ended in a draw. In the replay, he scored a first-half goal. Come the second half and Newcastle were awarded a penalty. McCracken was the recognised spot-kicker in the side. But he persuaded the captain to let Shepherd take the kick and score his second goal.

### Ordered Off

McCracken was a great practical joker. Even on the field he loved to make jokes about his opponents. But he went too far on one occasion. His full-back partner, Frank Hudspeth, had been penalised for a tackle. Bill told the referee and anyone within earshot that he thought it was "the fairest



tackle he had ever seen.

Bill was ordered off the field. Later, he wrote a letter to the FA telling them what he thought of the referee, and earned a month's suspension.

An Irishman and proud of it, Bill also felt foul of the Irish

soccer authorities. Picked once

more for his country to play against England in 1908, he decided that the £2 2s. match fee was poor reward compared to the £10 England paid her players. So he refused to play unless the Irishmen got the same

as the English players.

The furious row with Irish FA secretary Johnny Ferguson lasted until just before the kick-off. Still McCracken was adamant. So was Ferguson. Bill did not play and was suspended by the Irish FA.

Bill and authorities did not

make their peace for twelve years. He came back at the age of 37 to play for his country and made his final appearance in Ireland's colours at 40.

He had then retired from the playing side of soccer and

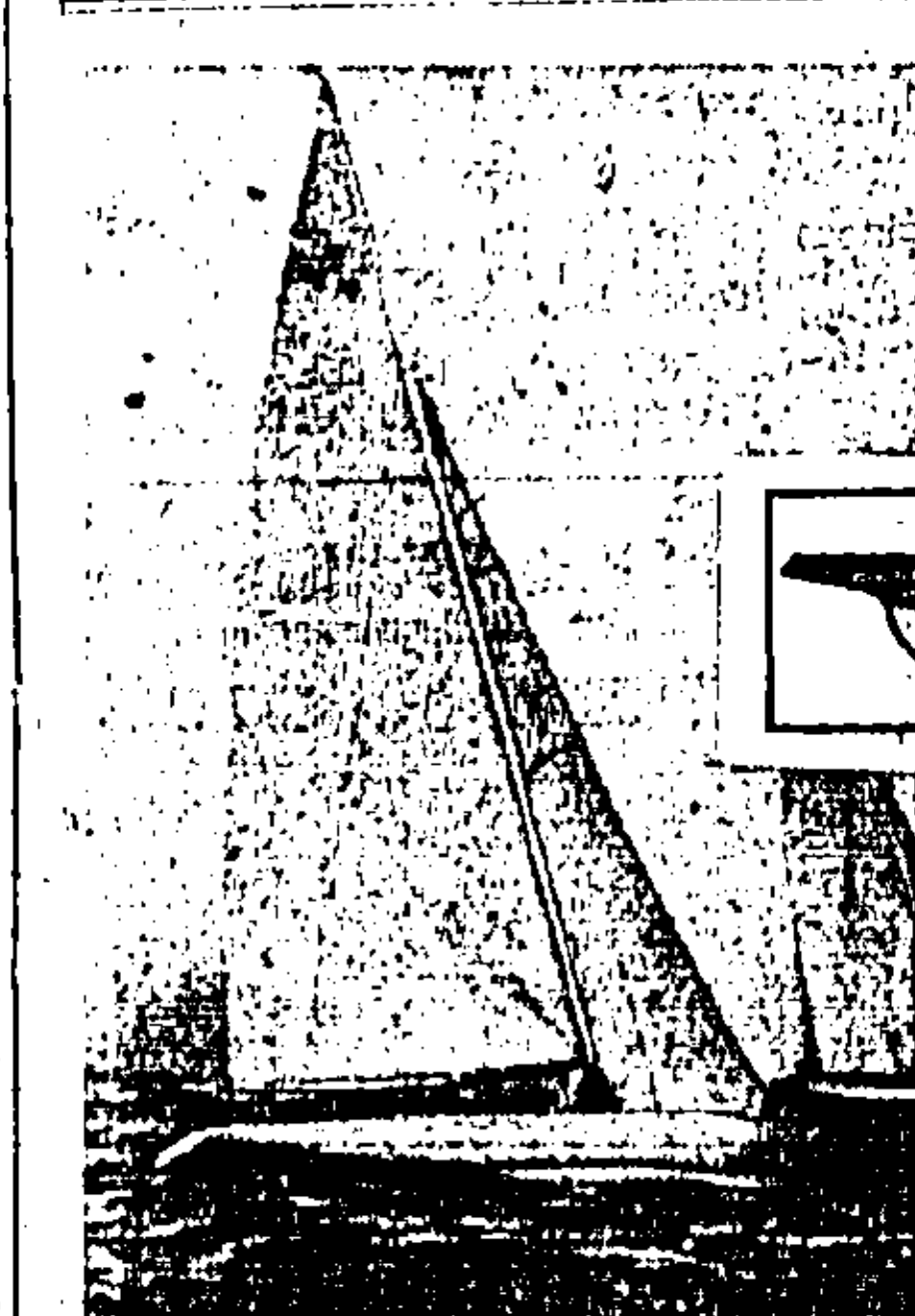
was manager of Hull.

He took his boots off the peg and went out to face one of the greatest left-wingers in soccer history—Scotland's Alan Morton. McCracken played him out of the game.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

## SO IT'S 'PURPLE FOR DANGER' FOR SCEPTRE TODAY

Meets Columbia, her £1,400-a-foot rival with the bilious mainsail in first of seven-race series



COLUMBIA... and her hull design

New York.

A yacht with a bilious purple mainsail, so floppy it looks as if an elephant had slept in it, is New York Yacht Club's choice to defend the America's Cup in a seven-race series starting today.

In Newport, Rhode Island—the picturesque New England naval and yachting port which will be the scene of the big race—Columbia, the chosen yacht, has been dubbed Purple People Eater. But don't be misled by this sample of American college-boy humour. Columbia is the sleekest, fastest sailing yacht the U.S. has produced for many a year.

She is a worthy successor to the line of American yachts which, for 107 years, have defied all Britain's efforts to win back the America's Cup.

Three months of trial races against three other American contenders for the honour have proved that. Like Sceptre, on which British yachtsmen are pinning their hopes this year of bringing home what Sir Tommy Lipton used to call "the old mug," the Columbia has been designed and built specially for this one race. She cost more than £100,000—or roughly £1,400 a foot.

### Down in size

There have been 18 races altogether: since America first won the cup at Cowes in 1851. This year's will be between yachts that are only half the size (and one-sixth the cost) of those that competed in the between-war years.

It will make, say yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic, a more exciting and sportsmanlike race. Both yachts are

By

JEFFREY BLYTH

A little under 70ft. long. Both are sleek products of a formula which, by such speed factors as sail area, the length at the waterline, and the height of the mast.

Columbia (she is the third in the name) was designed by Olin Stephens, acclaimed by many as the best yacht designer in the world.

### A Tribute

A tribute to his craftsmanship is that the seven members of the New York Yacht Club entrusted with the task of nominating the defender (among them millionaire Harold Vanderbilt, the most successful of America's Cup

defenders, who spent more than £1,000,000 defending the cup in 1934 and 1937) had a hard time choosing between Columbia and Vin—a yacht Stephens designed 10 years ago.

But everyone who watched this past week's trial races off Newport came finally to the conclusion: "Vin had the better crew. But Columbia is the better boat."

### Fully tested

She should be. Probably no yacht in history has ever been so thoroughly tested before she was even built. Seven different

models, each five feet long and costing nearly £1,000 apiece, were put through rigorous tank tests that simulated almost every condition of wave and weather the contestants are likely to meet.

To keep down the yacht's weight, metal experts produced for the cabin walls and cockpit floor, feather-weight sheets of aluminium so thin they wear out in a month and have to be replaced.

Not until Olin Stephens was satisfied there was no room for improvement was the order given to the shipyard: "Start building."

No expense spared. No expense was spared on Columbia. Special nylon sails costing £4,000 apiece were woven by firms that have been making clothes for sails since the days of the clipper ships.

Because race handicappers only measure the edges of sails, not the area, one firm was asked to produce a sail with as much cloth as possible. The result was the purple "elephant blanket" mainsail. Footing the bill for Columbia was a syndicate headed by Henry Sears, luncheon-table New York investment banker and this year's commodore of the New York Yacht Club.

Other members: Gerald Lambert (of the Lipton firm),

Howard Fuller (the brush man,

who paid for the yacht's two aluminium masts), and two New York shipping magnates, Bill Moore and Jim Farrell. Of these only Sears will be sailing in the Columbia—as a sailing hand.

Columbia's Skipper. The job of sailing Columbia to victory, if possible, is in the hands of one of America's best-known yachting characters: Briggs S. (for Swift) Cunningham, a wild-eyed Viking type who has deserted the workshop in Florida where he turns out expensive sports cars in order to skipper Columbia.

Commander Graham Mann and the crew of Sceptre face formidable opponents.

Said 51-year-old skipper Cunningham: "We could have had lots of kids from college. Healthy, husky types. But we wanted older men with experience in boats." The result: Average age of Columbia's crew is around 40—compared with 27 for the Sceptre.

### A Ratsey In Each

Both yachts will have a Ratsey (G. Colin aboard Sceptre, Colin E. aboard Columbia). Both are members of the sail-making firm which on both sides of the Atlantic has been making sails for challengers and defenders since the first race.

Three of the crew of 11—designer Olin Stephens, his brother, Rod, a rigging expert, and Fred Lawton, who is in

charge of the two professional hands—have had previous race experience (sailing together in Ronger in 1937), an advantage none of the British team enjoys. Columbia's trials helmsman, 63-year-old Cornelius Skields, who was ordered this week by his doctor to give up sailing, will after all be a member of the defender's crew.

What chance, then, has the British team of bringing the trophy back to Britain after all these years? The Columbia's crew feels it is unbeatable, although rocks-faced Harry Henry Sears, the man who did most to revive the challenge, confessed tonight: "I feel more nervous now than I did on my wedding day."

### Rooting for us

The long-drawn-out series of elimination races—there were 20 altogether—has been a great help in getting Columbia's crew into fighting trim, believes Commander Mann. "She is going to be a hard boat to beat," he said in Newport today. Most of the 50,000 spectators who are expected to watch the two nations duel will, however, be rooting for a British win.

After all these years most Americans, and particularly those who are yachting men, feel it would be a good thing if the cup made its way home again; "for a while, anyway."

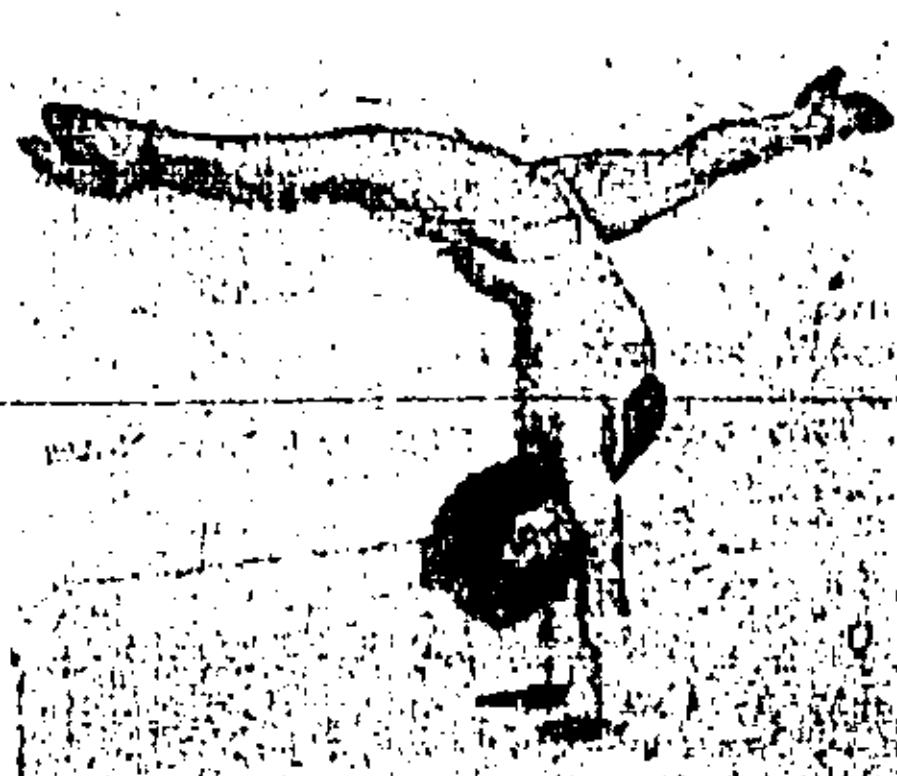
But when the starting gun sounds this morning it won't be the money that has been spent or the feelings of the crowd that will count. It will be the yachters' skill. And may the best yacht win.

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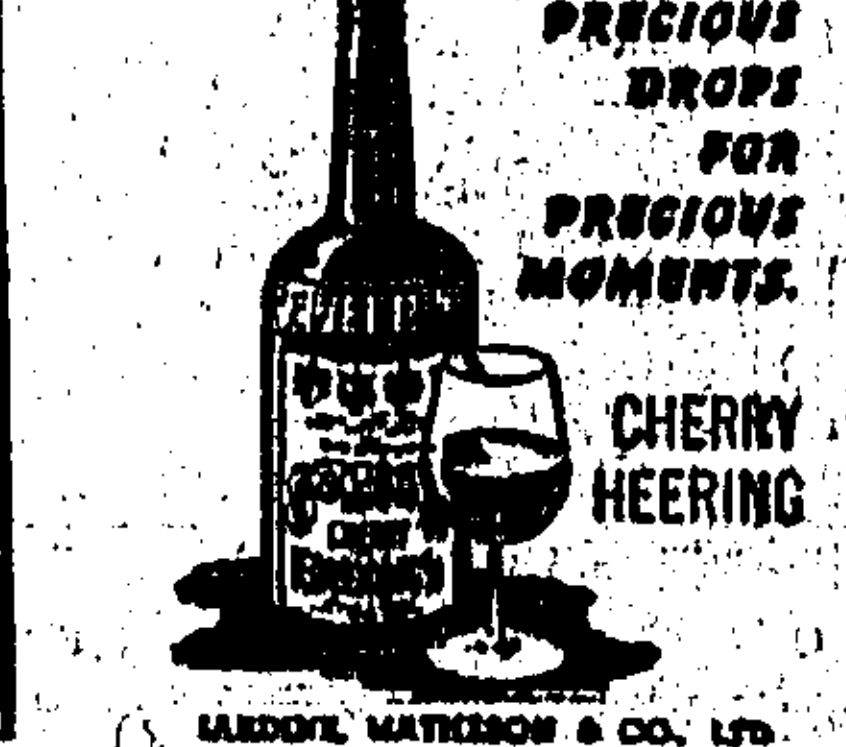
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### POP





# SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

## Oldtimers Needed To Assist The Various Local Sports Bodies

By I. M. MACTAVISH

We are now on the eve of a new season of winter sport. In a week or two the Colony's playing fields and arenas will be echoing to the cheers — and even jeers — of the fans, and one may well ask what we can expect from the months ahead.

Devoid of the gift of second sight I cannot foresee the future but that does not prevent me indulging in a spot of speculation covering some of our main sports.

In common with every season that has gone before, this one will have its moments of triumph and its moments of tragedy. It will doubtless provide its ration of controversy and maybe even its commotions but one thing is certain... it will provide an apparently endless source of conversation in every corner of the community.

### The Same Cry

During the past few weeks I have talked with senior officials of several Associations and I have spoken, too, with the leaders of our international programmes. On every side I have heard the same cry "Give us qualified officials to assist us in our practical..."

Referees, umpires, judges are a pressing necessity in many Associations while others want willing helpers to assist on the administrative side of their work.

### Never Enough

The truth is that there are never really enough willing persons to go round... yet one prominent local sporting figure put it to me rather neatly.

He said "Every season sees a number of active participants leave their bodies or their gloves, or whatever their sporting attire involved, and make the great decision to 'call it a day'."

It is true that many delay their decision a little too long and it is equally true that in other cases it is made prematurely... but, in the majority of an old adage about flies, one may well be pardoned the question "Where do retired sportsmen go this winter?"

### If Only

"If only a minority of these ex-participants stayed in their respective sports, and moved on to the control or administrative side, much of our worry would be over... but somehow in Hongkong there is a growing tendency for those who leave a sport to turn their backs on it completely without

the slightest thought of passing on their experience to those who follow.

"This is a serious state of affairs for without the right kind of guidance the young up-and-coming sportsman and sportswoman are at a distinct disadvantage.

### Beyond Criticism

That is the considered opinion of one who does more than his fair share in making Hongkong's sporting machine turn over smoothly. It is a view point that is almost beyond criticism: It is one which I hope will make some of our inactive retired veterans think again.

A person's usefulness to a sport does not, and must not, end when he or she feels the need to retire. It is a matter of the participation picture. The knowledge and experience they have gained can, if correctly imparted, help in improving

### SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



the prospects of those who take their place.

I do not necessarily subscribe to the opinion that 'old players' make good referees. In fact, the difference in mental approach to the two contrasting aspects of a game often prove incompatible.

The truth is that few famous footballers for example have established themselves as top class referees when their playing days have finished.

In boxing the 'old man' success of Jack Dempsey stands out because it is exceptional, but in hockey, rugby and cricket the position has been a bit better. Yet even in these sports too many playing experts drift away when their active playing days come to an end.

### Come On All

In the restricted confines of Hongkong it should be possible to induce the drifters to maintain some interest in their sport which is more profitable than the passive role of spectator...

There is still a place for you. It may be advising, coaching, refereeing, umpiring, timekeeping, or even non-pushing but each one of these tasks is a necessary contribution to sporting progress and, while you may miss temporarily the limelight that used to be yours, the personal satisfaction that can be obtained from a backroom job well done is a healthy reward.

One of the most popular players to wear Army colours in recent years was football star Roly Morris.

The big centre-forward with the educated head delighted the Chinese fans with his spectacular flying headers and few who were present at his last big game in Hongkong early in 1958 will

forget how he steered the soldiers to a thrilling 4-2 Senior Shield victory over South China on the Hongkong stadium.

Roly left the Colony in a blaze of glory and landed in the United Kingdom in a whirl of publicity. The big clubs competed with each other for his signature but Morris had only one ambition and that was to play for his local team... famous Aston Villa.

### Proudest Day

In a letter written just after he had signed for the Villa he said it was the proudest day of his life and when he scored two spectacular goals within minutes of his first game in the claret and blue shirt, the future looked bright and glittering.

But a professional football career is a hazardous adventure especially with a side that has been struggling as the Villa have been in recent years. The vital necessity... in fact the sheer desperation of collecting points at all costs makes it a bumpy highway which seems both reputation and ambition. Established stars and hopeful starlets are brushed aside in the hectic scramble for soccer survival and Roly Morris has been no exception.

### Not Dismayed

The big centre-forward is not dismayed, however. He has moved quickly from Villa Park to Hereford and at the same time has found his real position on the inside-left. He is doing well both in a football and financial sense and now has a prosperous business in Aston where he deals in crockery and toys.

His many friends and admirers in Hongkong will wish him well for the future...

all except one or two goalkeepers who were delighted to see him go home... taking his best stars with him!

★ ★ ★

"The HKAAA is not the servant of the public or the athletes."

With that classic statement Mr. Robert Leary, the new Chairman of the HKAAA, concluded his address to the Association's annual general meeting during which both he and the retiring Chairman had something to say about my criticism of their handling of the Tokyo affair.

I do not regret a single word of that criticism. I believe that the methods they used in dealing with this particular case compare most unfavourably with those used by similar organisations in other parts of the world when faced with similar circumstances.

### How Unfavourable

There is absolutely nothing to be gained by cloak and dagger secrecy such as that which was wrapped around the three-month-long examination of the allegations against Stephen Xavier. How favourable this contrasted with the British AAA's handling of the Pirie affair at Cardiff. It was all over in a day.

The KHA's relations with the public as now expressed by its new Chairman will make many people think deeply... particularly those who have an accurate knowledge of the Association's contribution to the cost of sending its contingent to Tokyo. Public memory is long in affairs like these... and it is amazing what a watching bird can see from its cage!

### Risman, Rugby immortal says:

## Have Union men in the League

By FRANK DAVIES

It may seem an odd way to greet the new Rugby season with an "attack" by a self-confessed Rugby renegade, but honest opinions never hurt anyone.

First let us meet the critic. He is Augustus John Risman, born in Tiger Bay, Cardiff, in 1911; a member of Lance Todd's brilliant Red Devils of Cardiff in the 30's; three or four times Australian; holder of innumerable caps for Great Britain and Wales; player-manager in the wonderful post-war rise of Warrington Town, and now manager of Stirling. In short, one of Rugby League's immortals.



GUS RISMAN... writes of "perks" and "shamateurs"

I enjoyed reading about 'The game's true spirit' in this Rugby renegade's sparkling career, with its tales of giants of the past, as much as I have enjoyed his play. Gus Risman, grade, see why the two codes of Rugby—so similar in technique, so different in outlook—should not live side by side in peace, with a man able to play either at will.

### Accusations

"There is no reason why the Rugby Union player who thinks he is good enough should not be allowed to have

a trial with a League team and then go back to Union. If it is found he will not make there grade."

"There is no reason why a professional, once he has finished playing, should not be able to join his local Rugby Union club if he wants to and become one of its supporters." Gus makes some pointed accusations about shamateurism in the Union code—a chosen few who are given "perks" in the way of lavish expenses, pound notes in their boots or found jobs to prevent their turning "pro." He asks: "Is this the great spirit of amateurism? Well these are Risman's views, and if you think they're Tommy—not remember the stature of the man, and his ambition to see Rugby—grit his best played in the true spirit. But the fact is that the vast majority of Union men play the game that way because they like it.

### The stalwarts

Forget Twickenham, Arms Park and the game's showpieces, and consider that club stalwart Bill Jones of Anonymous Old Boys, who just wants his Saturday afternoon's exercise with his buddies, and a convivial evening afterwards. There you have the true spirit of amateurism.

\* Rugby Renegade, by Gus Risman, Stanley Paul, 72s. 6d.

## WEEK-END LAWN BOWLS

The Colony Open lawn bowls championships conclude this afternoon at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club with the final of the premier event—the men's singles—between F. R. Kernani of Kowloon Cricket Club and C. Gough of Police Recreation Club.

By ROBERT TAY

Both finalists have never won the title before, and once again a new champion will be crowned.

On their performances during this competition, it would seem that the chances of either player gaining the coveted title are about even.

### Creditable Feat

Gough has already achieved more than a creditable feat in reaching the final, considering that he is now stationed at Green Island and has very little time for playing league games or even of a roll-up. However, he has been coming down to the Police Recreation Club twice a week during the last three or four weeks, and expects to put up a strong fight this afternoon.

Kernani has had a couple of very close games in his path to the final. An extremely temperamental player, he is capable not only of brilliant bowls at his best but also of some exceptionally bad bowls when not in the mood.

Of the two, Gough seems to be generally more steady and more consistent player and unless Kernani is well at his best, the odds may shift in favour of the policeman.

COOPER GETS \$5,000 DATE WITH MITTEFF

By HARRY CARPENTER

HENRY COOPER, surprise heavy-weight conqueror of Dick Richardson, has a \$5,000 date at Wembley Pool on October 14 with Alex Mitteff, of Argentina.

Promoter Harry Levene captured the fight recently scooping Cooper from under the nose of rival bidder Jack Solomons.

Cooper, of Bellingham, South London, draws his biggest-ever purse in what will almost certainly be his toughest-ever fight, COACH DEMPSEY.

Mitteff, 23, is a 6ft. 1in., 14½st. brawler, labelled the new Wild Bull of the Pamperia. That title was first bestowed on Argentina's Luis Firpo, who, back in the 20's, socked mighty Jack Dempsey out of the ring.

Dempsey has coached Mitteff into the position of world's sixth-ranked heavy-weight and predicts: "Here is your next world champion."

Maybe, Facts show that Mitteff has come through 18 pro fights with only one defeat, 7 wins. By America's Mike de John.

In February this year he out-punched Nino Valdes, Cuban scoundrel of British heavy-weight, in a gory battle at Madison Square Garden.

the final. An extremely temperamental player, he is capable not only of brilliant bowls at his best but also of some exceptionally bad bowls when not in the mood.

Of the two, Gough seems to be generally more steady and more consistent player and unless Kernani is well at his best, the odds may shift in favour of the policeman.

### Gutierrez Shield

Tomorrow's annual international rinks competition for the Gutierrez Shield begins at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club to signal at the same time the approach of the end of the local lawn bowls season. Only the Aitkenhead Shield match,

the Inter-lung pairs, and the singles knock-out competitions remain to be played off before the season officially ends.

Three first round and one second round matches are scheduled for tomorrow.

### Best Game

Best of the four games will undoubtedly be the second round encounter between the current holders China and five times previous champions, Portugal.

Portugal is fielding a very strong four with C. F. Rozario, E. M. Alarcon, A. A. Lopes and R. F. Luz and are fully capable of eliminating the champions, although the same China four who won the title

last year, F. Lee, P. K. Lau, W. Hong Sling and C. C. Ma are conceded a slight edge over their opponents in being a more balanced side.

In the other three matches, England will have a very close game with Australia, Malaysia should dispose of Iran, and Scotland have a light job over Wales.

### Sports Diary

TODAY  
Cricket: Trial Matches: Pritchards Team v Leckie's Team; Chatter Team v K. Khan's Team v C. Myatt's Team; HCC v RCF (1st Div); RCF v RCF (2nd Div).  
Bowling: FC v USBC, HCC v RCF, RCF v RCF, RCF v RCF.  
Rugby: Singles Final: F. R. Kernani v C. Gough, 4 p.m.  
Vitalite Bowls: R. F. Luz at Recife, 5 p.m.  
Rugby: Exhibition Game: RCF Far East v South China (Caroline Hill), 5 p.m.

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THE GAMBOLS... by Barry Appleby

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YOUR BOSS'S WIFE JUST ARRIVED IN ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT

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WAS IT SOMETHING I SAID, DEAR?

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 1st Race Meeting 1958/59 to be held on Saturday, 4th October, 1958, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House, the Club House, Happy Valley, and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday 28th September, 1958.

By Order of the Stewards,  
A. E. Arnold,  
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# CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1958.

**Sheaffer's**  
NEW BALLPOINT  
WITH EXCLUSIVE  
**STERLING SILVER TIP**

## Dulles Tells Press Correspondents FAR EAST—VERY SERIOUS

### 'I HOPE WAR DANGER CAN BE OVERCOME'

United Nations, Sept. 19.  
The Secretary of State Mr John Foster Dulles, in a speech at a lunch organised by United Nations correspondents, said today that the Far Eastern situation was even more serious than he had wished to make it seem during his speech at the General Assembly yesterday.

Mr Dulles said he hoped the danger of war would be overcome, but that no one could be absolutely sure of this. The Secretary said that the best which could be expected of the present Sino-American talks in Warsaw would be arrangements about practical problems, and not an agreement on questions of principle.

#### Principles

In the ambassadorial talks going on in Warsaw, Mr Dulles said there were principles involved in the situation which "we cannot expect to reconcile at these talks." This became clear, he added, during previous similar ambassadorial talks. "But if we can get away from the question of principles, and get down to talking of some of the practical problems involved, maybe a solution can be found," Mr Dulles said.

Answering questions, he said he was not aware of any "behind the scenes" talks aimed at solving the Far East problem. "There are preoccupations, I know, on the part of practically all the Free World countries that these developments should not lead to a war the limits of which cannot be foreseen, and some of these countries have made their views known," Mr Dulles remarked. "But I cannot say I am aware of any concrete diplomatic interventions."

#### More Optimistic

Mr Dulles seemed more optimistic on the subject of the disarmament question. He said that as a result of the East-West technical talks in Geneva, he saw for the first time some possibilities of progress, representing a landmark in relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. Mr Dulles said that he was convinced, however, that the touchstone of any disarmament programme at the present

#### Recognition

Tunis, Sept. 19.  
Tunisia tonight recognised the "Algerian Provisional Government" set up today in Cairo. It was officially announced—Reuter.

## REPORTED U.S. PLAN FOR SCALING DOWN FORCES ON QUEMOY

Washington, Sept. 19.  
The Washington independent "Evening Star", said today "the United States had devised a new plan to bring peace to the Formosa Strait by reducing—but not removing completely—military forces on both the Nationalist-held offshore islands and the nearby Chinese Mainland." But the State Department refused to comment on it.

### This Funny World



"I'll wash... you wipe."

## NEHRU CAMPS AT 12,000 FEET

New Delhi, Sept. 19.  
India's Prime Minister, Mr Nehru, camped tonight over 12,000 feet up in the Himalayas at the commencement of his official visit to the tiny Kingdom of Bhutan.

To reach Bhutan, which is sandwiched between India and Tibet, it has taken Mr Nehru four days of travel from Delhi by air, road and finally on foot and horseback. He left the Tibetan town of Yatung this morning after spending the night there and rode on a pony along a narrow bridge—path—to the Bhutan border, dominated by the forest-covered Jo Chu River gorge.

After crossing the newly constructed log bridge, where he paused to look at the raging torrent below, Mr Nehru was received by Bhutan's Prime Minister and other officials, according to a report from the Press Trust of India's special correspondent with the party. A guard of honour of 50 Bhutanese soldiers in knee length woollen robes presented arms and was inspected by the Prime Minister. After a brief reception, the party rode on for three and half hours to a camp at Chagithang where they are spending the night. They will continue the journey to the fortress city of Paro tomorrow where Mr Nehru is to be received by Maharajah Jigme Dorje—Reuter.

The State Department, according to the "Evening Star" dispatch "was seeking Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's agreement 'to the plan before it is formally proposed to Communist China at the Warsaw talks.' The purpose of this plan which the independent Washington daily attributed to 'high level diplomatic sources,' would be to 'bring military strengths of both sides below the 'pro-ventive' level.' The author of this dispatch pointed out that the Nationalists could not be asked to relinquish its sovereignty over the Quemoy or Matsu Islands.

#### Clear Statement

Again, according to this article, President Chiang Kai-shek "was understood to be insisting on a clear public statement by the United States that the United States intends to defend the offshore islands in case the Communists break the ceasefire." According to the "Evening Star", indications are that President Eisenhower "would be willing to give such a commitment and an agreement by both mainland and Nationalist China to reduce their forces in the Formosa Strait area below the level that could be considered 'provocative'."

Asked whether he could confirm this story, the State Department spokesman replied that he could not. He recalled that he had said earlier that many speculative stories are likely to be published while the Warsaw talks are going on. Asked whether such a story should be considered as pure speculation, the official spokesman said that it belonged to "a field of speculations."—France-Press.

### REDIFFUSION

11.30 a.m. "Crantford"—Final Episode; 12 Noon "Tune Time"—14.30 a.m. "Three Men On A Horse"—Julius Al Hibbler and Dick Haymes; 1. Keyboard Capers—David Exuperio and Bert Sheffer; 1.15 "Weather Report, News and Special Announcements"; 1.30 "George Melachrino and his Orchestra"; 2. Saturday Requests—Presented by Nick Kendall; 3. Philo Vance—Episode 45—The Masters Murder Case; 3.30 "Pat's Parade"; 4. Songs of the Prairie; 5.30 "Rhythm Parade"; 5.45 "Unit Request"—By Audra; 6. Birthday Mailbag; 6.50 "Melody Magic"; 7.30 "Meet The Stars—Caterina Valente"; 7.45 "Mantovani Memories"; 8. Time Signal and News; 8.50 "Weather Forecast, Announcements and Interludes"; 9.10 "Interviews With The Stars of 'Teel'"; 9.15 "Milton Production 'The Ten Commandments'"; 9.30 "Voice Of Sport"; 9.45 "The Stars of 'Teel'"; 9.50 "From Mead's 10. Hollywood Open House"; 10.30 "I Remember When—Starring Fats Domino"; 11. Dance Party; 12 Midnight, Close Down.

### TELEVISION

9.30 "The Great Gildersleeve"; 9.45 "Mr District Attorney"; 10.30 "Cantonesse Feature—The Wayward Son"; 10.45 "Life of Riley"; 11. Children's Hour—Cartoons; 11.10 "The Puppets On A Stick—Presented by Calvin Wana"; 11.30 "Children's Film—The Tale of the Texas Rangers"; 11.45 "Close Down"; 7.30 "Saturday Variety—'Calling Hong Kong'—Starring Kong Ling With Joseph Koo and His Band; 8. Crunch and Des: 'The Sixth Sense'; 9.30 "The Adventures of Ellery Queen"; 9.45 "Newswheel"; 10.15 "Sundae Starring Ann Sothern"; Episode 10 "Dark Stranger"; 10.45 "Evening Feature—Edward G. Robinson in 'Brother Orchid'"; 11. Late Night Final; Close Down.

## Sceptre Launched For Race

Newport, Sept. 19.  
Britain's graceful all-white Sceptre slipped into the choppy waters of Newport harbour today 18 hours before challenging the United States Columbia for the prized America's cup.

Sceptre's young and agile crew, in R.A.F. blue, spent the morning rubbing down the sleek, unmarked hull to the texture of glass to enable her to slip through the water with a minimum of friction.

Sceptre's skipper, Lieutenant-Commander Graham Mann, supervised the final overhaul in Newport boatyard, and when asked again about reports that Sceptre's hull was cracked, laughed and made a gesture towards the unlined hull and keel, broken only by the script waterline.

With 2,000 square feet of sail, masts that tower nearly 80 feet into the air, and an overall length of almost 70 feet, she represents Britain's best hope of winning back the 100 Guineas Cup which the American—schooner, America, took away more than a century ago in the first such race, around the Isle of Wight.—Reuter.

## Imperial Produce Probables

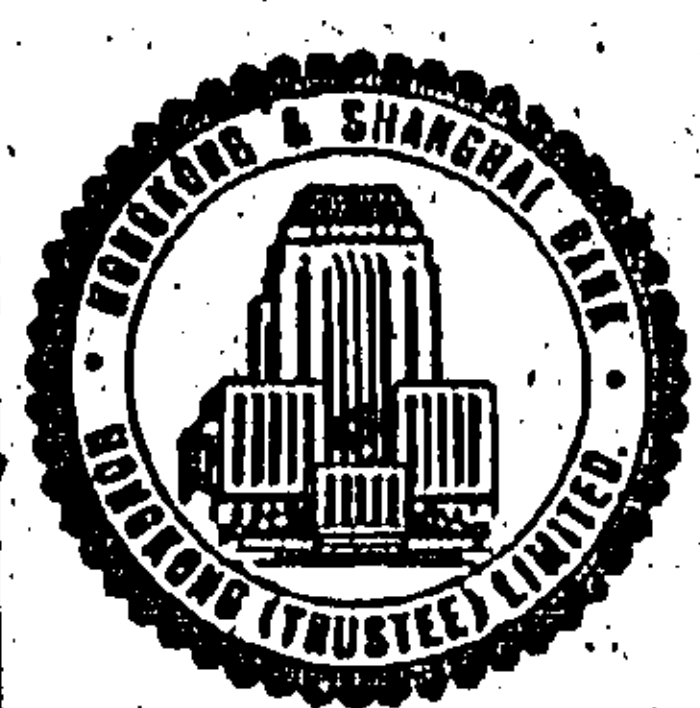
London, Sept. 19.  
There are 18 probable runners for tomorrow's Imperial Produce Stakes to be run over six furlongs at Kempton Park. They are with jockeys: Firestrak, J. Lindley, Ink Spot, F. Durr, Lindrick, A. Fawcett, Bababab, W. Hickaby, Above Suspicion, W. H. Carr, Court Imperial, B. Jago, Presidium, A. Bressley, Prime Value, Clayton, Saint Crespin, the third, M. Garcia, Anthus, D. L. Jones, British Empire, J. Mercer, Corachy, M. Merer, G. Smith, J. Smith, J. Bissell, G. Starkey, Chantrel, J. Purcell, Collyria, L. Pigott, Rairine, G. Lewis, Feony, E. Smith.—Reuter.

## Rhythmic Wins

Ayr, Sept. 19.  
Major A. C. Stalker's three-year-old Rhythmic won the Ayr Gold Cup (handicap), run over six furlongs today. Mr M. Kingsley's Golden Giltell was second and Lord Rosebery's Earl Marshal third. Distances after photo-finish were short head and same. Twenty-two ran. Official starting prices: 20-1 Rhythmic, 100-8 Golden Giltell, 6-1 Earl Marshal. Mr Jack Gerber's Jitter was 6-1 favourite.—Reuter.

#### Revoked

Djakarta, Sept. 19.  
Antara News Agency said today the government had revoked the licences of 13 Dutch companies to carry on export or inter-island trade in Indonesia.—Reuter.



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Trans-Pacific Sailings in 1959

<u>WESTBOUND</u>						
<u>Lve: Vanc.</u>	<u>San Fran.</u>	<u>Los Angeles</u>	<u>Honolulu</u>	<u>Yokohama</u>	<u>Kobe</u>	<u>arr: Hongkong</u>
"HIMALAYA" (27,955 tons)	4th Apr.	6-9th Apr.	10th Apr.	15th Apr.	23-24th Apr.	25th Apr.
"HIMALAYA"	24th Aug.	27-29th Aug.	30th Aug.	4th Sept.	12-13th Sept.	17th Sept.
<u>EASTBOUND</u>						
<u>Lve: Hongkong</u>	<u>Yokohama</u>	<u>Honolulu</u>	<u>Vancouver</u>	<u>arr: San Francisco</u>		
"CHUSAN" (24,215 tons)	12th May	16th May	23rd May	28-29th May	31st May	(Cruises then leaves S.F., 20th June for U.K. via Panama.)
"ORONSAY" (27,632 tons)	6th Nov.	10-11th Nov.	17th Nov.	23rd Nov.	25th Nov.	(Continues to Sydney via New Zealand.)
<u>Japan/Australia Service</u>						
<u>Lve: Hongkong</u>	<u>Manila</u>	<u>arr: Sydney</u>				
"HIMALAYA"	17th Sept.	19th Sept.	28th Sept.	(Leaves Sydney 2nd Oct. for U.K. via Suez.)		
<u>NORTHBOUND</u>						
<u>Lve: Sydney</u>	<u>Manila</u>	<u>arr: Hongkong</u>				
"ORONSAY"	27th Oct.	4th Nov.	8th Nov.	(Continues Trans-Pacific—see above.)		

Routes and Sailings are subject to change or cancellation with or without notice.

\* Leaves Hong Kong 30th Apr. for U.K. via Suez.  
† Continues to Sydney—see above.

For full particulars apply to—  
**MACKENNON, MACKENZIE & CO. OF HONG KONG LTD.**  
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Pink Lemonade (Frozen Concentrated), 6-oz. tin \$1.29  
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